

# MARYLAND QUARTERLY

THE FOREST OF THE SOUTH, A STORY BY  
CAROLINE GORDON — AN APPROACH TO THE  
HOMERIC CONTENT OF JOYCE'S "ULYSSES" BY  
WIVIENNE KOCH — POEMS BY NICHOLAS MOORE  
E. E. CUMMINGS JOHN GOULD FLETCHER JEAN  
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# MARYLAND QUARTERLY

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## Number Three

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Caroline Gordon

### THE FOREST OF THE SOUTH

Major Reilly and Lieutenant Munford stood on the upper gallery of Villa Rose and watched the blowing up of Clifton. They knew the time it was to happen, knew the hour, even the minute. An orderly had ridden out from Natchez that morning with the news. A fort was to be built. Its line would cut through the mansion of Clifton. The house and its garden were to be blown up within the hour.

Major Reilly and Lieutenant Munford were in the major's office at Villa Rose, making out reports—there had been a brush with Confederate cavalry over near Lake St. John the night before. One of Reilly's men had been killed, another wounded. He was glad to be back at this old house with the rest of his squadron safe.

He read the papers the orderly brought. When the soldier had left the room he turned to John Munford. His dark moustaches lifted to disclose gleaming teeth.

"Mr. Surget of Clifton would never make a diplomat."

John Munford turned serious blue eyes on his chief. "A diplomat?"

The major leaned back in his chair. "Mr. Surget of Clifton has given a series of dinners for Federal officers. But he has never had the wit to invite the Chief Engineer."

John Munford said "Ah!" and tried to look knowing. But he still did not understand. "Do you mean, sir, that the Chief Engineer is going to blow the place up because he was not invited to dinner?"

"He is going to blow it clean to hell," the major said. He looked at his watch. "In about three minutes, I should say. Come on, Boy, we might as well see the explosion."

They went out through the hall and up the winding stairway into an upper hall and then up another short flight of steps and emerged on



a balcony. John Munford had stepped out on this balcony before and always with astonishment. Villa Rose, a squat house built in the old manorial style, stood on a hill high for that part of the country. Below them on the right lay the Mississippi and four or five miles away as the crow flies was the town. Munford's eyes sought and found the tall spire of Saint Mary's cathedral, white in the morning sun, then moved on. There was the river again and, dark against it, masses of green: the famous gardens of Clifton. His eye roved on. More white. That would be the columns of the house or perhaps of one of the pavilions. It was hard to tell at this distance just where the house stood.

He summoned up the picture of the house as he had seen it two days before when he had gone in to town with a message from Major Reilly. The Indiana colonel whom he was seeking was an ardent botanist. He had been told to look for him in the gardens of Clifton. He had traversed gravelled walks, between box hedges, through scented arbors and at last had found the colonel standing with Mr. Surget beside a great star-shaped flower bed. There had been an expanse of placid water beyond them with, as he lived, swans floating upon it. Returning through a vine-hung pavilion he had to put in his hand to brush away masses of bloom. He had made a mental note of the lake, of the swans, of the oleanders for the letter he wrote home each week.

Major Reilly blew in his breath with a whistle. "There she goes!"

A great column of smoke rose and wavered over the trees. A few seconds later they heard the detonation. It jarred the earth beneath them and rattled against the distant woods. Reilly was turning away. John Munford followed him down the stairs. In his mind was a dull wonder. The flowers and the fountains he had seen two days before, the camellias, the cape jessamines, the late roses, the marble of the grottoes and the pavilions—all those shining, rose-coloured things had vanished in that plume of dull smoke!

In the hall below, the two men faced each other a second, then crossed the gallery and went out into the garden. Major Reilly was breathing hard as if to clear his lungs. "A great pity, Munford. As handsome a gentleman's estate as I've seen, here or in the old country." He had found his cigars at last and was offering Munford one. He drew on his cigar and suddenly was himself again. He remembered an engagement in town. "I'll let you finish up those requisitions by yourself, Boy. You can manage, eh?"

John said that he could. The major motioned to an orderly to bring his horse, and strode towards the gate. Halfway there he turned. "You'd better look in on the old lady. See if she wants anything."

John said "Yes, sir," again. After the major had ridden off he stood there a few minutes, the unlit cigar in his hand. There was an acrid smell of smoke in the air but the garden—this garden in which he stood

—was just as it had been when he came out on the gallery into the fresh morning air an hour ago. The walks, branching out from the gravelled, circular drive, straggled off into dense greenery. The greenery was starred here and there with the pink of japonicas and off to the right a low hedge of cape jessamine was popcorn-white with bloom.

His thoughts went to his Connecticut home. He had had a letter that morning from his sister, Eunice. She reported that the first big snow of the winter had come the night before. She was driving in to Danville that afternoon, but she would have to go by sleigh, and over the winter road. Snow was drifted five feet deep between their house and Robinsons'.

A humming bird was hovering over a vine near-by. Munford watched the tiny wings which never for a second stopped their beating, then raised his eyes. Everywhere about him light fell, on glossy green leaves, on a scarlet flower, on the scarlet of the bird's breast. The fancy came to him that this light might have been filtered through the wings of birds, so shimmering it was, so iridescent. Off towards the stables some men were shouting to each other but their distant voices only served to emphasize the quiet of the garden. He had never known it so quiet before. But the stillness was oppressive and the landscape, he thought suddenly, too bright. This shining air held a menace.

A soldier came down the steps and made off towards the stables. Munford, recalled to his duty, followed the man around to the back of the house. A wide gallery ran the length of the ell. At the end of the ell up a short flight of steps there was a little room. It had been the overseer's room, originally. Now Mrs. Mazereau and her daughter, the owners of the house, lived in it.

In the shadow of one of the columns a soldier sat in a low, split-bottomed chair to pick a chicken. Munford paused beside him a second to watch how deftly he was pulling the pin feathers out from the wings. A good forager, Bill Morehouse. A good man at everything. Munford wished that Morehouse had the job of looking after the old lady instead of himself.

He went up the short flight of steps and knocked at the door. There was the sound of foot steps. The door opened a little way. He put the palm of his hand against it and pushed. It opened a little wider. He stepped inside the room. The blinds were drawn and the air was oppressive with the odors of sickness. A young woman confronted him. She stood erect at first, then shrank a little back. Her hands came up in front of her face. She did not speak.

Impatience and embarrassment made his voice brusque. He said: "It is Lieutenant Munford, Miss Mazereau. Major Reilly's compliments. He wants to know how your mother is this morning."



The girl, still moving backwards, let her hands drop to her sides. "She didn't sleep," she said in a low voice.

He glanced towards the closed blinds. "Perhaps if you had more light. . . ."

She halted at that. "I had the blinds open when we first got up but she saw some men going by. . . ." Suddenly she was coming towards him. He could not be sure in that half light but he thought that there was a smile on her face. "She thinks she's a girl," she said, "And I'm another girl. We're on our way to her old home . . . to the Green Springs, in Virginia. . . ." Damn it, she was laughing! Laughing at her old mother for being crazy. He would have to tell Reilly that.

A harsh voice came from the bed in the corner. "Eugenie!"

"Yes, Mama!"

The old woman was out of the bed and was coming towards them. A fierce, incredibly fat white cockatoo. The quilt from the bed was half hanging from her shoulders. She wore a night gown which he, John Munford, had bought for her in a shop in Natchez-under-the-Hill. Clutching the quilt about her as if it had been a bed gown she fixed him with her blood-shot blue eyes. "Young man, where are you going?"

Munford bowed his fair head. He said patiently. "I wasn't going anywhere this morning, ma'am. Major Reilly has gone to town and has left me in command."

She said: "*Major!*" She closed her eyes, pursed her lips. "*Soldiers,*" she whispered. She leaned forward, so close that her foul breath fanned his cheek. She went on whispering. "Two women in distress. . . . Trying to find our way home. . . . I knew this country well once but it has changed. . . . So many roads . . . and the people. . . ." Her voice sank lower. Her lower lip was wry with cunning. "I will give you a barrel of flour if you will conduct us to our home. It is in the Green Springs. . . ."

"We haven't any barrel of flour, Mama!"

Munford felt the girl's eyes upon him. He bowed. He said: "I am sorry, ma'am, but I don't know the country. I can't conduct you to your home." He went out, shutting the door behind him.

As he reached the foot of the stairs a cur pup, the soldiers' pet, came scampering towards him, then fell on her back with her habitual gesture of out-stretched paws. He thrust out his toe to poke her gently in the belly and then withdrew his foot, frowning. "Get up!" he said harshly.

He walked the length of the gallery and entered the wide front hall. At the far end the open door disclosed vistas of green. Patches of quivering light fell on the broad boards. There was one place where the oak was discolored in a great splotch. Munford, as he approached it, slowed his steps. Always when he passed this spot he had to stop and look down. Colonel Mazereau's blood, gushing from his cloven chest,

had made that dark, greasy looking place there by the newel post.

Munford's thoughts went to that night. He had had the story from Major Reilly who in turn had had it from Eugenie Mazereau. Reilly, when he told it to Munford had used what must have been the girl's words.

"The negroes all ran away. Then the soldiers came. Mama said not to worry. She talked to the captain and she said he was a gentleman. But he rode off somewhere. He left three or four soldiers. There was one kept walking through the house. He came and looked in the library where we were. Mama said not to notice. We worked on our embroidery.

"Then we heard somebody step up on the porch. Mama said 'Eugenie, it's your father.'

"I went to the door. I could see the soldier hiding there by the post and I could see Papa. He had on a long cloak and he was all splashed with mud. He stood there and he kept calling: 'Josephine! Eugenie! Josephine!'

"I went back into the room. I said 'Mama, Papa is there and he keeps calling.'

"She went to the door. She said: 'Arsene, for God's sake . . . Arsene,' she said, 'I beg of you. For God's sake, go away!'

"He didn't listen. He started towards her. He got as far as the post. The soldier came up from behind. He had the axe in his hand." Major Reilly, telling the story, would put his hand to his breast, "It was like felling an ox. He went back, very slow, on his heels. Then he was standing straight and then he fell over. The blood was on the floor even before he fell."

John Munford had wanted to know what the women did then.

Colonel Mazereau, the major reported, had lived for several hours, until nearly sun-down. "The thing that worried the girl most was that her mother kept trying to get the cloth out of the wound. The cloth of his uniform, Munford, was driven down into his breast bone and he was spouting blood like a whale. Unconscious, of course, from the moment of the blow. Finally, towards sun-down, they were convinced that he was dead. The old lady was all for getting him buried before the soldiers came back. She made the girl to go out and dig the grave. The girl said she dug all over the garden, but the ground was too hard. At last she persuaded the old lady to bury him temporarily under a pile of rotting leaves. Just as they finished Slocomb's men came back. The women ran and hid in the overseer's room and stayed there till those damned Dutchmen set the house on fire.

"I found them wandering around in the yard after the fire was put out and Slocomb's men had gone. The old lady was perfectly quiet then. It was the girl that was hard to handle. She kept coming up to



me and saying they wouldn't do any harm and when I said I didn't expect them to she kept thanking me. I said, 'My God, Madam, the exigencies of war have made it necessary for me to commandeer your house but you needn't be grateful to me. . . .' A queer girl, Munford. I wonder what she'd be like in other circumstances."

It was a subject that Major Reilly often speculated on: the character and personality of Miss Eugenie Mazereau. "In my opinion she's loonier than the old lady." Or "She's still scared out of her wits. You ought to do something about that, Munford. Take her for a buggy ride. Convince her we're not ogres."

John Munford, following the major's suggestion, had invited Miss Mazereau to walk with him in the garden and had even taken her driving several times in a trap that had been found in the stables. She came with him whenever he invited her, wearing always the same black dress and a voluminous black shawl that must have been her mother's. She never wore a bonnet. She had been bare-headed when she escaped from the house.

She talked to him as they drove along the river road. "Yes, Lieutenant Munford, the weather has been delightful for the past week . . . You say your home is in Connecticut . . . No, I have never been farther north than Memphis . . ."

Once he halted his horse before a gate set in a tall hedge. He motioned with his whip. "All those people who lived here. What has become of them?"

"They have all gone away, Lieutenant Munford."

But as they drove on she had turned to look back at the gate. "The Macrae place," she said, "That is the Macrae place." Her tone struck Munford as strange. It was the tone that might have been used by a traveller returning to his old haunts after years of absence.

He went now through the hall and turned right, into the great room that was used as an office for the cavalry squadron. It was barely furnished: two field desks, six or seven pine chairs and an old sofa in one corner where Major Reilly sometimes napped. The Major had a grudge against the officer whom he had relieved. Once walking in the garden with Munford, Reilly had kicked at the charred pieces of a mahogany dining table. "Those damned Dutchmen! They might at least have left that for the officers to eat on."

Young Slator was pushing a sheaf of requisition blanks towards Munford. He took them and began signing them mechanically. They worked for two hours. At twelve o'clock Munford put his pen down and went out on the gallery. Young Slator stood with him for a few minutes, then went back into the house. Munford began pacing up and down the gallery. Once he stopped to stare into the windows that ran on each side of the doorway. The glass was full of imperfections; some of the



whorls had opalescent tints. When he was a child he used to press his nose against just such cloudy panes of glass—in his grandfather's house at Danville. A white house with a steep, gabled roof, twin "bride" trees—elms—on each side of the stoop. He could see it all clearly but it seemed unreal, like something he had seen in a picture rather than something he remembered. He fell to pacing again and as he went was conscious of greenery pressing in there beyond the gravelled walks, of sunshine on the gravel, of pink and white blossoms. And yet it was a hushed landscape. Moving about these grounds he had sometimes the feeling that he imagined a man might have on a desert island. Here in this smiling land he was often lonely. It came to him that there was one person lonelier than he. That girl in the little back room. There was not, he supposed, anybody in the world lonelier than she. Colonel Mazereau, before he was killed, had quarreled with all his relations, Reilly said. The girl's mother, her companion in misfortune, had deserted her to wander in memory along the road that led to the Green Springs in Virginia. Yes, she was quite alone, that girl.

The call for mess sounded. Young Slator called to him from the doorway. He told the boy that he was coming, but before he went into the mess hall he turned back into the office. Sitting down at his desk he drew a sheet of paper towards him and wrote a note. It presented Lieutenant Munford's compliments to Miss Mazereau and enquired if she would drive with him that afternoon.

## II

At three o'clock Lieutenant Munford and Miss Mazereau were driving north along the river road. She sat with her hands folded, one over the other, in her lap. She was wearing a pair of gloves, lace gloves or rather mitts, for they left the tips of her fingers bare. Munford wondered where in the world she had got them. Some old trunk, probably, that had escaped Slocomb's men.

He stared ahead of him. The bit of road visible between the horse's forward pricked ears was not unlike a stretch of road on the way to Gaylordsville with the dark trees and that old rail fence riding against the sky line. He had driven young ladies along that road often enough—in sleighs at this time of year. That New Year's party at the Robinsons'. He had escorted Jane Scoville and Sam Dillon and Roberta Jennings had been in the back seat. He was not in love with Jane Scoville now but he would like to have her beside him with her furs and her perfume and her chatter. Well, he was on pleasure bent this afternoon, with a pretty girl beside him. He had always flattered himself that he could keep a pretty girl entertained, but how could you make yourself agree-

able to a girl when you were occupying the house that by rights should have been hers?

By rights? His thoughts went as they often did these days to the conflict in which he was engaged. Major Reilly said that he himself was not opposed to slavery. Certain types of civilization, he said, were always founded on slavery, and he had cited ancient Athens and God knows what other countries—the Major was a graduate of the University of Dublin. Well, he, John Munford, was not a highly educated man. But he knew right from wrong. He would do it all over again, to strike the shackles from the wrists of slaves. And yet it was all so different from what he had pictured it.

The girl was turning towards him. Her eyes—unusually large, luminous eyes—were the colour of the chestnuts that used to fall from the great tree in his grandfather's yard. The lids were heavy, so heavy that they dimmed the brilliance of her glance. And the lids themselves had a peculiar pallor. Wax-white, like the petals of the magnolia blossom. When he had first come into this country he had gathered one of those great blossoms only to see it turn brown in his grasp. She was saying something about a letter. ". . . It may be we can leave."

He said: "*Leave Villa Rose?*"

She nodded, still with those large strange coloured eyes fixed on his. "My cousin in Kentucky says we can come there."

He said: "I should not think you would want to go to Kentucky, Miss Mazereau. They are fighting there too."

She did not answer. As they drove on he considered what she had said. If he or Major Reilly went away—and they might be ordered away at any time—what would become of this girl and her mother? He turned to her abruptly. "Perhaps you would be better advised to go to Kentucky—if you can get through the lines."

She looked up at him, then suddenly shrank back as, he thought savagely, she might have done if he had menaced her with the whip he held in his hand. "I don't want to go where they're fighting."

He compressed his lips, feeling the angry blood surge to his forehead. "I don't know where you'll go then," he said curtly.

She did not answer.

They were at the top of a little rise, descending towards a stream. The horse's hooves splashed drops of water in their faces as they crossed it. And now they were on a rise again. He looked at the pines crowding close on each side of the road and wondered if they would come to any hill-top which would command a view. "What is the name of that stream we have just crossed?" he asked.

"Sand creek," she said.

He checked the horse. Before them was the tall hedge and the gate where they had paused the other day. She was looking about her with



more animation than he had ever seen her display. On an impulse he pulled the horse up short and motioned with his whip at the gate. "Shall we go in there?"

"Yes," she said.

He got down and opened the gate; then, as she did not pick up the reins from where he had hung them over the dash-board, he led the horse through. He closed the gate and went up to the trap. "Shall we hitch the horse and walk for a little?"

"Yes," she said.

He assisted her down, then turned the trap about and hitched the horse to one of the bars of the gate. They started up the avenue. It was broader than the one at Villa Rose and lined on each side with live oaks. At the end of the avenue a square, grey structure with a dilapidated double gallery was visible through the drooping grey wreaths of Spanish moss. They paused beside the carriage block to look up at it.

"A dreary place," Munford said.

She did not say anything

"What is the name of the family that lived here?"

"Macrae," she said dreamily. Suddenly she took a few steps away from him, then looked back over her shoulders. "There is a fountain over here in the shrubbery," she said.

He followed her silently between the unclipped hedges into an abandoned garden. Once she had to stand aside while he dragged away a great, fallen branch. Suddenly the path widened and they emerged into what had once been a circle of flower beds. In the centre was a fountain, a great basin, and standing beside it the marble figure of a woman. The woman was bending a little forward. Water from the pitcher which she carried had once run into the basin but no water had run there for a long time now. The basin was green with moss up to its rim.

The girl had walked over and was standing beside the fountain in much the same attitude as that of the marble figure. He studied the pale, down-bent face, wondering wherein lay its attraction. For it had come to that. She was the most attractive woman he had ever seen. The conviction had been growing on him for months. He remembered now his first sight of her, the day after he had been transferred to Reilly's squadron. A small figure in black, hurrying around the corner of the house—she had been gathering chips and was carrying them in her up-turned skirt. He had thought that she must be the wife of one of the soldiers or perhaps a camp follower—Reilly was lenient with them. Then he had seen slim ankles swinging out from under a ragged petticoat and the thought had come to him that she might be a lady. A lady! He had not seen a woman—a respectable woman in weeks. He hurried on and caught up with her. She had looked up at him just as she had looked at him a moment ago, but he had insisted on gathering some more wood

for her and had carried it up to the little room. He had followed her at first because he had been attracted by the sight of a woman. After he caught up with her he was repelled by her manner—the slight favour he proposed doing her did not deserve such effusive thanks. He had gone on, however, finding the wood for her, showing her all the courtesy he would have shown any respectable woman. He might never have thought of her again if Reilly had not told him her story that night.

He had seen her often since, and though he felt that he understood her better he still found her manner strange. He thought of another girl, a girl he had seen for one brief evening only, in Tennessee. When she was asked to play the piano for some Federal officers she had asked to be excused for a moment and had returned to the parlour with an axe. She had hurled it high above her head and had brought it down on the key-board, saying she would make match-wood of the instrument before it should play a tune for despised "Yankees." . . . The word, "Yankee," was never on Eugenie Mazereau's lips. She seemed to have no concern for the Confederate cause, to be anxious only to be on good terms with Major Reilly and himself, and yet, he thought, she might be patriotic, and proud, too, in other circumstances. . . .

She had put out her hand and with the tip of her index finger was tracing the rim of the basin. Her head, with its smoothly banded black hair was still down-bent. There was a faint, mysterious smile on her lips.

Munford found this smile maddening. He took two steps and was beside her. "Why are you doing that?"

She looked up. Her eyes were blue! He had thought them brown. That was because of the stain of light brown about the iris but the eye itself was blue. Blue, that is, if you stood there and looked into her eyes but if you stepped back a few paces you would say "This girl's eyes are brown, pale brown" and you would say, too, "She looks at me but she never sees me." Why should an eye look out and not see? Does it look within? Has it seen something it cannot look away from?

She had not spoken. He laid his finger on that part of the marble her finger had touched.

She smiled. "The fountain? You mean why did I touch the fountain?"

He said hoarsely: "Miss Mazereau . . . Eugenie . . . you must know my sentiments."

She gazed at him, still smiling. He could not tell whether she had heard what he said.

A sudden thought turned him scarlet. He took a turn around the fountain and came back. He bowed. "I have the honour to ask for your hand in marriage."

She said "My hand!" and moved a little away so that a tuft of long grass she had been standing on sprang up between them.



"I would have spoken to your mother," he said stiffly, "if circumstances had been different."

"No," she whispered, "Don't speak to my mother."

"I understand that," he said, "The point is . . . will you marry me? I . . . Is the prospect agreeable to you, Miss Mazereau?"

"Agreeable?" she said.

He stammered: "Eugenie. *Look* at me!"

She put out a hand and fearfully touched his face. He seized her. He kissed her lips, her brow, her throat, her lips again. "I will send you home," he whispered. "To my people. To Connecticut."

She drew back at that. "Connecticut? Is it a long way?"

"Yes," he said impatiently and went on to tell her that his mother would welcome her as a daughter. His sister, Eunice, would be a sister to her, for there was a special bond of affection between him and his sister. In place of the family she had lost she should have his family. He swore that he would make her so happy that she would forget everything that had happened.

She did not say anything, only put up a hand now and then to touch his cheek. They went over and sat down on a bench near the fountain. Munford's arm was about her waist. She allowed her head to rest on his shoulder. All around them was a tangle of green but they could see rising above the hedge a slanting roof, a red chimney.

"What is that?" he asked.

"The old school house."

"Did you go to school there?"

"Yes, with the Macrae children."

He had been thinking that very soon, in a few days at most, he would have to send her north. Yes, three days at most, and he did not know how she had looked as a child, what nickname she had had, what paths she had taken when she came here to school. He was even curious about the Macraes, the departed owners of this place. "How many children were there?" he asked.

"Mary and Ellen. And there was Frank."

Some impulse made him repeat the name he was never afterwards to forget. "Frank . . ."

She tilted her head away from his caressing hand. The strange eyes gleamed under the heavy lids. "Frank . . . ? He was always playing jokes. He put Cousin Maria's crinoline on that statue there and he put a bonnet on it and painted its face with pokeberry juice and put a prayer book in its hand. He said she was going to church."

He laughed. "Where is Frank now?"

"He joined the army. . . . I don't know where he is now."

The shadows were getting longer. He roused himself and said that they must go back. They walked slowly along the path past the foun-

tain. Munford smiled, seeing a mischievous boy coming through the hedge, his arms heaped with women's wear. The boy's eyes were grey and lively. He was laughing as he went up to the statue. Suddenly Munford was jealous of that boy who had played here in this garden. He stopped and taking Eugenie's face between his hands looked deep into her eyes before he kissed her.

"Say you love me."

"I love you," she said.

### III

Major Reilly was silent when Munford told him of his engagement. Finally he shook his head. "You are a rash man. You seem to forget that Miss Mazereau's father was killed here in this hall. Her brothers, if she has any, certainly many of her cousins, are in the Confederate service."

"I shall be able to answer for my wife's loyalty," Munford said stiffly.

The major's brown face broke up into criss cross lines as it did when he laughed and yet he wasn't laughing. "I wasn't thinking of her loyalty," he said.

Munford left the room. Later that night, lying on his cot in the officers' quarters, he thought of the expression that had been on Reilly's face. Yet Reilly, on the whole, had been as sympathetic, as considerate as a man could be. Munford and Eugenie Mazereau were to be married in Reilly's office tomorrow afternoon at four o'clock—Reilly had already sent a message to the chaplain. It would be all right for Eugenie to stay at Villa Rose a few days, Reilly said, but it could be only a few days. She and her mother ought to be on their way north as soon as the trip could be arranged for. Munford wondered what his mother and sister would think when they were confronted with the old woman and had to listen to her ravings. Would it not perhaps be better to let the two women stay in the south, if not at Villa Rose, at some safe quarters near-by?

His head felt hot. There was little air in the room. He got up and went to the open window. There was a full moon over the garden. In its light every leaf, every twig stood out as bright as if in noonday light. "Too bright, too light," he thought irritably. He stayed at the window long enough to smoke a cigar, then went back to bed and finally slept.

Major Reilly rode off to town early the next morning and Munford was again left in command. He was engaged with Ralph Slator in making out company reports when the guard at the door suddenly advanced into the room and told him that Mizz Mazereau wanted to see him on business.



He told young Slator he would be gone for a little while and went, half smiling at the word "business," through the hall and out on to the back gallery. Eugenie Mazereau was waiting for him there. She had her black shawl drawn close about her shoulders. Her face was pale. Her eyes had a curious, intent look.

She came up to him, whispering, "Could you come with me a minute?"

He had given a cautious glance over his shoulder and, seeing that no one was in sight, was about to lean over to kiss her when something in her expression checked him. "Yes," he said quietly and followed her down the steps and out through the yard. They passed through a side gate and took a path through the woods. They had progressed some distance along it before Munford saw the grey outline of a house through the trees and realized that this was a short cut to the Macrae place.

The girl walked on before him in silence. And yet when they had stopped there in the woods a moment ago she had yielded herself to his embraces more freely than at any time yesterday. She had even put her arm up about his neck to draw his head down to hers. He had thought when they first started out that she had changed her mind about their engagement and was bringing him back to the same place they had visited yesterday to tell him that she would not marry him. He smiled. If that was the case he would be able to persuade her to change her mind back to what it had been yesterday. They were entering the ground by a side entrance. She did not go towards the garden but walked instead towards the house. On the gallery she paused a moment, then slipped quietly inside the half open door, motioning to him to follow her. He hesitated a second. He was armed but he was only one man. But he put the thought of ambush away from him and walked resolutely after her.

The hall smelled musty. The blinds at both ends were drawn. What light there was came from a window high on the landing. Munford's eyes went to this window and then to the stairs below. The steps were thick with dust. He stiffened suddenly as he saw places where that dust had been disturbed, by boot soles. At the same moment there was the sound of steps above him. A face appeared over the railing.

Munford drew back, his hand on his revolver. But the girl was already starting up the steps. She looked back at him over her shoulder. "You can come," she said, "he's alone."

Munford drew his revolver. He pushed past her and went up, taking the stairs two at a time. The best way, he told himself mechanically. To rush the man was the only chance now. He came to the landing, made the turn and stopped dead still. A man in a Federal uniform stood at the head of the stairs.

Eugenie had come up behind him. She stretched out her hand. "Lieutenant Munford, this is my cousin, Captain Macrae," she said, calmly, as if she were making an introduction in a drawing room.

Frank Macrae stood on the top step, staring down at them. He looked exactly as Munford had pictured him. Blond, with a handsome, well-fleshed face, made red by exposure to wind and weather, an aquiline nose, steady grey eyes set under fair brows.

He did not seem to see Munford. He was staring at the girl.

"Eugenie," he said in a low voice, "have you gone crazy?"

Her laugh ran out. "It's Mama . . . She thinks she's a girl and she thinks she's back in the Green Springs. . . . Ever since Papa was killed."

Munford said stiffly, "I regret to say that Mrs. Mazereau suffers from hallucinations . . ."

Eugenie interrupted him. "He came in the hall and a soldier killed him, with an axe." She looked at her cousin. "The blood was all over everything, Frank."

Frank Macrae, as if suddenly recollecting himself, took a step backward. He looked at Munford, then courteously stood aside while the other two ascended the stairs. Munford, his revolver cocked, went up to Macrae, laid his hand on his arm. "Captain Macrae, you are my prisoner," he said sternly. He paused a moment then added. "It is unfortunate that you are in Federal uniform."

Frank Macrae laughed. "It is indeed unfortunate," he said. But he did not start down the stairs. Instead he turned into one of the great dim rooms opening off the upper hall. Munford, a little bewildered, followed him. The girl came too. She advanced towards her cousin but he motioned her back. "Go over there and stand by the window, Eugenie," he said curtly.

She went obediently and stood in the place he had indicated. The two men confronted each other. Macrae was very pale and his brows were drawn. He had been staring at the girl and now he still kept glancing at her though he had turned to Munford. Absent-mindedly, in the manner of a man making conversation, he asked Munford some questions about recent movements of the Federal squadron. Munford answered them. But he was conscious that time was passing. Perhaps he was in a trap. The Confederate officer might be trying to delay him until help came. He was about to speak when Macrae gave a long sigh.

"Well, we had better get on with it . . . Lieutenant, before your court meets there is a matter I must attend to."

Munford bowed. "I am at your service, Captain."

"Will you secure for me a license and the services of a chaplain? I want to go through a marriage ceremony with my cousin. I . . . there is certain property that will then be automatically at her disposal."



Munford lifted his fair head haughtily. "That is impossible, Captain. Your cousin has promised to marry me."

Macrae stared. "You are engaged to marry my cousin?"

Munford bowed again.

There was a long silence. The girl laughed suddenly, left the window and started towards the two men. Macrae lifted his hand, gently, in the gesture he might have used to a child or a puppy. "Stay where you are, Eugenie." He turned to Munford. "Lieutenant Munford, I know you by reputation. I believe you to be a man of honour. I do not envy you the privilege of marrying my cousin. . . . Do you fully understand the responsibilities you assume?"

The two men gazed at each other. Macrae's eyes were grey and hard as steel. It came to Munford that in a few hours this man would be dead, hanged as a spy. He looked away, to where the girl was standing beside the open window. Her strange, incurious eyes were fixed upon him, Munford. There was a smile on her lips. It was the smile that had so wrought upon him in the garden. It was not mysterious now. He averted his gaze. The window frame was dark and gauzy with cobwebs but beyond stretched a green meadow. Light played everywhere upon it, the same luminous, quivering light that yesterday at this hour had struck through the leaves at Villa Rose.

He withdrew his eyes from the scene. When he lifted them it was to meet the prisoner's hard, victorious glance.

"Yes," he said dully, "I understand."

Witter Bynner

## THE CENSER

Let us have ritual, because we must,  
Though it be but to hide our loins with a cloth;  
Let us swing toward the unyielding stars the dust  
Of our dead in the censer of our hearts,  
though the censer be less winged than a moth.

Nicholas Moore  
TIME AND LOVE

*for Priscilla*

I

I love you, darling, love you infinitely.  
The seasons change, the colours change. Ideas,  
Held, remain constant, and they keep our tears  
Back, and in quarrel bring you back to me.

Yet it is not the sole idea of love,  
Idea alone, and not the love itself,  
That we must magnify: the love is half  
Itself, half the idea. What we must prove

Is that we to our love are true.  
Ideas are not enough, nor flesh enough.  
It is a difficult, yet honest way  
In which we strive, each wanting each, to live.

You must be all to me I want you to,  
And I to you, the desire, the love come true.

II

Time and disease break on us constantly,  
The time diseased, the sickness nicely timed.  
We cannot be more than we are, the named  
Accessories to desperate history.

We too must share the crime, the time, the sickness,  
And die of wanting rather than destroy  
What we do want despite the fatal weakness  
That causes us to thrust away our joy.

We too come of a sinister ancestry,  
Enfeebled by the fables of the past.  
Love is too weak to conquer history  
All by itself. The sickness is increased.

Look at me with your sick and lovely eyes,  
And let me hold them, cold with ironies.



WEST VIRGINIA

Godfrey Frankel





### III

I love you, darling, love you. Famously  
We speak. We love each other. It is so.  
There are ideas and feelings, variously  
Turning about the constant point we know,

The point of love we hold. It is that point  
That saves us in our battle against time.  
Cruelty, misery, and fear, the crime  
Of history against us, the complaint

From which we suffer, we can face with love.  
Evasions turn us from the things we want;  
Darker desires, unsatisfied, can prove  
Only that time is strong and arrogant

Against us. O but we, we too can be  
As adamant against this misery.

Nicholas Moore

### A METAPHYSICAL QUESTION

The blessings of the night . . . They say that dogs  
Sleep peacefully in unknown lands. They say

The howls we hear that set us by the ears  
Are only known to countries where the moon

Hesitates over the arbours. And within  
There is the pulse and rhythm of the body

Folded in the wild night's arms. This, this  
Is the secret of the bad lands, that love

Lies there prettily, that the howls consume  
Only us who are mortal and moral, here

In the known land. It is only our dogs  
That shout vociferously. We—as for us—

We know the solemn shadows the moon casts  
Over our half of the world.

Michael Williams

## AN OLD MAN'S FANCY

The old man sat gently snarling on the park bench. A few yards away from him a grey squirrel arched and curveted in the early morning sunlight. The old man watched its secret movements with unblinking, fevered eyes. The squirrel possessed him to the exclusion of everything else. His senses sang in abandonment to the swift, rippling leaps across the grass. Moments passed. The old man sat on, like a withered faun, rigid with watchfulness. The squirrel, oblivious of this sole spectator of its movements, playfully patted an acorn backwards and forwards. Across the surface of the old man's mind the first pains of envy crept into being. The virile leaping no longer delighted him quite as much. It was as if a shadow had cast a gloom over his vision. Somewhere in the far recesses of his brain the years of his youth stirred uncomfortably.

The sun slipped behind a cloud. The old man sank his chin between the lapels of his coat. The night's dampness was still upon him. He shivered slightly as the wind came up through the trees. The park was still save for the rustling of the summer leaves. Occasionally, from the distant banks of the river the long-drawn cry of a gull or the croak of a heron floated into the park reaches. The figure on the bench never stirred from its huddled position. The grey squirrel had long since sought other pastures for entrancement.

The old man gradually became conscious of someone running across the grass and, looking up, beheld a small boy in a brown tweed coat and hat hopping along intent and preoccupied with some little childish pastime. The boy came nearer. As his eyes were turned upon the ground he did not see the old man at first, and the wheezing "come here sonny and talk to Grandpa" startled him, so that he stopped dead in his tracks. He looked at the old man, his brown eyes widening with suspicion; but all he saw was a shabby old gentleman sitting on a seat, and he associated old gentlemen, even shabby ones, with pennies and sweets; but his mother had taught him not to speak to strangers. He approached cautiously.

"Come along sonny; Grandpa won't hurt you." The old man spoke half in entreaty, half in command.

The boy hesitated when he heard the sharp note in the stranger's voice, but was reassured by the smiling eyes and suffered himself to be lifted onto the old man's knee.

"You do dress yourself badly," was the first thing the boy said.



"If you were as poor as I am, so would you."

"Oh! Are you really poor?" and then, after a slight pause: "then you haven't any pennies?"

"Good gracious no," the old man said, mildly suprised by the question.

"P'rhaps you've got some sweets though." The boy looked hopefully up into the blue eyes.

"Well no, as a matter of fact I haven't; but if you're a good boy I'll tell you a story. Let me see . . ."

"Ooh! Look at your hands," cried the boy, suddenly seizing one of them. "My daddy's hands aren't like that."

The old man's left hand lay cupped against the boy's stomach. The blue-ribbed veins protruded in livid ridges from the web of loosely-drawn skin covering the back of the hand.

"They're strong hands," the old man protested weakly. He lifted one of them and pinched the boy's cheek.

"I don't like you when you do that," the boy said shrilly, clutching at the bony horror that was like pond-slime against the soft down of his cheek.

But the old man was not to be denied his simple pleasures so easily. The texture of the boy's cheek was smooth and soft. The old man passed his hand across the cherubic face, stroking it as he might have stroked a cat. The flesh was warm and glowing to his finger-tips. The boy's face puckered and he looked ready to burst into tears.

"I won't harm you sonny," the old man assured him. "Grandpa only wants to . . ."

"I'll scream if you don't let go," the boy said, remembering how effective this threat usually was. He opened his mouth wide. The old man was annoyed, and not a little scared.

"Don't do that; you mustn't do that," he said quickly, in desperation pressing a thumb against the boy's windpipe.

The scream was successfully intercepted and the boy could only gurgle. His brown eyes went suddenly frantic; terror rose up in his throat, choking him. This was something he didn't understand. The steeliness of the old man's eyes froze the muscles of his jaw.

It had become immaterial to the old man if the boy did scream. Such trifling matters had ceased to concern him. There was warmth and life under his fingers. Before his eyes was the pulsing belly of a grey squirrel. The boy's throat; the squirrel's furriness. The two swam into each other, a communion of flesh.

"Oh you silly, foolish little squirrel," he chanted in ecstasy.

The squirrel's belly was furious with suppressed vitality. The old man shivered with exultation and began to squeeze. The parchment fingers attacked, sinking deep into the sweet flesh, locking themselves

round the young neck, until the infant adam's apple bubbled against the balls of the old man's thumbs.

Like a wild thing caught in a gin the boy panted against his tormentor's ribs. His glazed eyes fled about in their sockets. Sweat and tears commingled on his cheeks. The unrelenting fingers pressed steadily on. The boy's tongue began to loll; his face blackened.

The old man was conscious of no ugliness in the thing he held; its puny, pitiful struggles excited in him no compassion, nor moved him to any feeling of nausea, for his eyes had ceased to function as organs of sight and were turned inwards to swell the glare of the lamps that burnt in his brain. He was obsessed with the dashing and seething of life through his fingers.

The boy's face screwed up in a last rush of anguish as the breath went out of his body. The tongue hung rudderless. The waving limbs fluttered feebly before their final immobility. The trunk writhed spasmodically and was shaken to its roots, and was still.

The old man was suddenly aware of an intolerable weight hanging on his hands. Mechanically he allowed the body to slide through his knees to the ground, where it lay in grotesque peacefulness between his battered boots; one leg curled under its belly, the face pressed into the grass.

A young woman watched a grey squirrel disappear up a tree and, turning away, the light of entrancement still in her eyes, began to call across the sward:

"Den . . . nis, Den . . . nis, Dennis!"

## E. E. Cummings

### POEM

o to be in finland  
now that russia's here)

swing low  
sweet ca

rr  
y on

(pass the freedoms pappy or  
uncle shylock not interested

Norman Macleod

## HIS FOURTH DIVORCE

Approaching forty and nerve's unending  
Knowledge and need to relate each pain to act  
Takes the metabolic he, twisted like a cyclone  
Over time's western range, uprooting hope and bleed—  
The childish shape of love that knocked about  
Nervous within strange circumstance was tripped  
To its innocent meaning like a broken lip.

Four decades, dime quartet, eight fives  
Out of the century impossible to spend;  
The nerve escapes the skull's cruel grip  
Antagonistic to the will years break  
From the locked hand of love's sake.

Norman Macleod

## POSTDATE PACIFIC

How the beautiful grey bomber  
With its sting unlatched  
Carries a boy with broken football face  
Above an alien bird-wedge in the thin improbable air.

Not there nor anywhere in edgeless time  
Float down in the South Pacific  
Like a peacock under glass  
Pick up the murdered remainder of his eyes  
Accepting death . . .

The long years roll  
Upon his imagined shore  
Of childhood,  
Torn  
From a mountain's tooth.

*Reprinted from Palisades.*



John Frederick Nims

## 10 GRAINS OF MADRIGAL

Beside the rivers of the midnight town  
Where fourfoot couples love and paupers drown,  
Shots of quick hell we took, our final kiss,  
The great and swinging bridge a bower for this.

Your cheek lay burning in my fingers' cup;  
Often my lip moved downward and yours up  
Till both adjusted, tightened, locksmith-true:  
The flesh precise, the crazy brain askew.

Roughly the train with grim and piston knee  
Pounded apart our pleasure, you from me;  
Flare warned and ticket whispered and bell cried.  
Time and the locks of bitter rail divide.

For ease remember, all that parted lie:  
Men who in camp of shot or doldrum die;  
Who at land's-end eternal furlough take,  
On cots of harness with cropped bodies wake.

Decide: with capsule of red vision freeze,  
Or bloat and sicken with the blood's disease,  
Venom of love, whose medicine alone  
Is faucet of cut vein or jagged bone.

Jean Wahl

## ETERNITY AND REASON

When eternity by strange degrees  
Comes towards me like a princess,  
The servant chases her off,  
And she kicks her heels in the basement.

—*Translated by* DENIS DEVLIN

Vivienne Koch

## AN APPROACH TO THE HOMERIC CONTENT OF JOYCE'S "ULYSSES"

If the general analogy about the *Odyssey* and *Ulysses* is to mean anything at all, it must mean more than the set of correspondences in characters and story which has been exhaustively explored and annotated up to this point. It must mean more, even, than the painfully recondite tracking down of allusions, of place names—in short, the etymological study to which much of the scholarship surrounding Joyce's *Ulysses* reduces itself. Investigations on these levels are far from fruitless as the erudite, suggestive exegesis compiled by the pioneering Stuart Gilbert proved. It is precisely, however, the fact that Gilbert had aesthetic insight as well which made his James Joyce's *Ulysses* stand head and shoulders above comparable commentaries.

It seems that the qualitative aspects of *Ulysses* in relation to its three thousand year old model can best be suggested in terms of their *differences*. By *differences* I mean not merely the obvious facts of language and content (the world-wandering, for ex. as opposed to the Dublin-trotting) although these, too, have their indubitable significances, but rather those *shifts* in value which occur because of consciously planned or unconsciously executed divergences from the prototype. For example, it is not the *order* of events as it bears on the *Odyssey* which is important in *Ulysses*, but rather the *kind* of relationship suggested either through likeness or difference.

On the conscious level, we have a rich store of material in Frank Budgen's *James Joyce and The Making of Ulysses* regarding Joyce's own intentions as narrated to Budgen. Of the structure Joyce said "The *Odyssey* serves me as a ground plan." And, from the sophisticated and self-conscious viewpoint of the modern scholar, he wished to give a picture of Dublin so complete that "if the city one day disappeared from the earth it could be reconstructed out of my book." Joyce's ambitious goal is obviously tied in with his awareness of the role of the Homeric poems in the reconstruction of the Aegean civilization. For the Homeric poems are acknowledged as the major source of historic considerations of early Greek culture by most students of that epoch. With an artistic arrogance that is at once amusing and admirable, Joyce hoped to do in *Ulysses* what five hundred years of story-telling had crystallized into the Homeric epics!

But there are differences in value between the Greek epic and Joyce's 20th century novel which are implicit in the very simple fact that they are separated by centuries in time and by at least three civilizations in texture. Let us examine some of the distinctions which flow from these factors: Take, for example the elementary facts that Odysseus traveled about for ten years after the Fall of Troy before returning to Ithaca, whereas our modern Ulysses, Leopold Bloom, confines his crucial explorations to a single day (approximately 20 hours on June 16, 1904) in Dublin. That there has been an enormous shift in philosophical and physical concepts of the meaning of time from the Greek world to the modern scientific world is something immediately apparent in *Ulysses* even were this knowledge not public. As a matter of fact, Joyce took a particular delight in the "definitions" of time and space which he permitted Stephen to expound: Time is the "ineluctable modality of the audible." And Space "the ineluctable modality of the visible."<sup>1</sup> Joyce's peculiarly twentieth century, relativistic approach was further indicated by the differentiated perceptions of time assigned to Bloom and to Stephen. Of Bloom, Joyce said: "Time is the time the movement takes." And of Stephen: ". . . hates past time because it would bind him with present duties." And to this, Budgen adds his own acute comment that Bloom and Stephen are opposites in the sense that Bloom *is* while Stephen is *becoming*. This characterization of Stephen rings with greater authority, when viewed in the light of Joyce's own sardonic remark that "Some people who read my book 'A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man' forget that it is called 'A Portrait of the Artist as a *Young Man*'." The Stephen of *Ulysses* is the Stephen who was *becoming* that one in the earlier novel. But he is becoming still another Stephen.<sup>2</sup>

It is clear, then, that Joyce does not worship his source blindly, although accusations of grecophilism have been heaped fiercely upon him. His point of departure, analogically, is that Dublin, a small city of 150,000 people in 1904, is a cosmos in itself comparable in variety, occurrences and people to the whole world of the wandering Greek. The compression of modern life, its enormous range within an urban, microcosmic structure like Dublin, say, permits for Joyce a scope as wide as was the whole Greek cosmogony for Homer. From these enormous differences in modern experience as opposed to what the ancient world knew, as well as from our own relativistic time concepts, derive the totally different narrative methods of the Greek and the Irishman.

Recognizing this *a priori* opposition between the *Odyssey* and *Ulysses*, the opposition between two worlds, it is curious that so little comment has been made on the artistic and technical disparateness flowing from it. Homer's narrative method leans heavily on a third person outer shell with occasional first person interpolations as that of Odysseus's stories at Alcinous' court or Telemachus' plea at the court



of Nestor. Joyce's interlacing use of every traditional type of written discourse (rhetoric, narrative, drama, catechism, etc.) plus his own development of the subjective soliloquy or "monologue intérieur" makes the method of *Ulysses* lean heavily in the direction of a first person subjectivity. What this ultimately results in is a density of psychological pressures on the characters in *Ulysses*, which (whether they were present or not in the "real" Greek originals is not relevant) has very little connection with the liberated, objectively-rarified atmosphere created by the motivation-structure of the *Odyssey*. To point the case: When, in the *Odyssey*, Telemachus expresses a doubt as to his paternity, saying that our fathers are the ones our mothers say they are, we are somewhat startled at this more oblique, subjective intrusion which clouds the essentially direct Telemachus-Odysseus relationship: the son in search of the (not a) father.

Stuart Gilbert skirts the whole problem of aesthetic weight of the interior monologue or "silent monologue" as he prefers to call it. From one point of view he is within his rights to do so. For he takes the purely operational and entirely sound view that "it hardly matters whether the technique ('silent monologue') is veracious or not; it has served him as a bridge over which to march his eighteen episodes, and, once he has got his troops across, the opposing forces can, for all he cares, blow the bridge sky-high." Although it is important to recognize that the basic validity of the stream of consciousness technique lies in the pragmatic fact that *it works*, it distorts the total emotional impact of *Ulysses* to conceive of this method as a mere *device* separate from the "episodes" for which it acts as a skeletal bridging. For it seems to imply, first, a separation between content and method; and, second, to adduce a primary significance to the "episodes" as opposed to *what they mean* to the characters. I would be inclined, rather, (if such a dichotomy does not, in itself, constitute a wrenching of the organism) to see the "episodes" as the bridge and the "interior monologues" as the chain of islands it connects.

In reality, of course, even this rearrangement is not wholly satisfactory. For, in *Ulysses* the episodic movement is so tied up with the psychological progression that a separation is not only difficult but also undesirable. For example in the "Gertie McDowell" episode (which corresponds, but very roughly, to Odysseus' encounter with Nausicaa on the shores of Phæacia) all that "happens" overtly is that Leopold Bloom gazes upon and is moved by the charms of the modern seaside cuddle-bunny, Gertie McDowell, who, in turn, desires the "dark foreigner" sitting on a near-by rock-ledge. Actually, however, there is tremendous subjective activity, both mental and physical, in Leopold Bloom and Gertie too. An activity which on Gertie's part, at least, ranges over the most salient facts of her literal and emotional bio-

graphy. Thus, the net weight of the so-called Nausicaa episode is that of a self-contained novelette.

Joyce's handling is so different from Homer's treatment of Nausicaa that it hardly seems to need comment. All we know about Nausicaa in the *Odyssey* are the immediate facts pertinent to her encounter with Odysseus. We know she is the King's daughter, prudent and orderly; prompted by a dream, she secures permission from her father to do the family washing on the pretext that one of her bachelor brothers may marry. We see her washing the white garments, playing ball with her maidens, and then, still poised but moved, somehow, assisting the storm-tossed hero back to her father's palace. The very real sexual encounter which takes place in the Gertie McDowell episode is quite different both in intensity and meaning from Nausicaa's vague admiration for the handsome stranger whom her father vainly wishes he could marry her to, or her worshipful absorption in the stranger's tales. For Gertie and Leopold Bloom never exchange a single overt word or touch and yet Bloom, at least, actually consummates the equivalent of a physical encounter, while Gertie visualizes herself in all the minutest details as the "wifey" of the "dark foreigner." The very language of this *third person* interior monologue is Gertie's; that is, the terms of the True-confession magazines from which she seems to have sprung full-grown but, unlike the denizens of its pages, *alive*. Joyce wrote of it "Nausicaa is written in a namby-pamby jammy marmalady drawersy (alto la!) style . . ."

As a matter of fact, in Homer, too, the Nausicaa episode is curiously namby-pamby. A beautiful young maiden and the naked protagonist meet on a white beach; their association continues at her father's house; there is some interest indicated on the young woman's part, at least. Yet, nothing happens. From Odysseus's first response on viewing Nausicaa—he coyly drapes himself with reeds and rushes—a complete decorum is maintained. Joyce employs his source by abstracting the quality of namby-pambyness from the *events* and applying it to the *style* of his own Nausicaa episode. Thus, a strangely fresh effect is secured by a likeness in difference.

At any rate, the thing to bear in mind is that the "Hellas ridden" Joyce, as represented by Stephen Dedalus, is aiming at Ireland through Greece and not at Greece through Ireland. Gertie McDowell, the amateur flapper of the Dublin of 1904, is sister-under-the-skin in only the most superficial characteristics to the Princess Nausicaa. Apart from Gertie's youth in relation to Leopold's middle age, her actual inexperience in relation to his "world-weariness" (both factors resembling Nausicaa's situation in relation to Odysseus), the deepest connection between the girls three thousand years apart is Gertie's, like Nausicaa's, intuitive acceptance of Leopold-Ulysses as "different," a

"foreigner" but nevertheless with some indefinable, romantic superiority accruing to him just because of this very "foreignness."

It is equally misleading and far-fetched to talk about the "unity of time and place" in *Ulysses* as if there were any unity of time or place in the *Odyssey*. If *Ulysses* has unity of time and place it is a *principia* derived from the Greek theatre and Aristotle's summary of it in his *Poetics*. Pragmatically, it is far more meaningful to see the cyclical movement of the twenty hours described in *Ulysses*, just as it is useful to recognize the cyclical movement of the *Odyssey* which covers six weeks of Ulysses' actual experience but ten years of his adventuring.

But these cycles are far from identical. It is true that the first section of *Ulysses*, devoted to Stephen Dedalus, corresponds roughly to the *Telemachia* of the *Odyssey*. In the *Telemachia*, Athena conceives of sending off Telemachus on a search for Odysseus, "to ask those he meets for news of his dear father's return: not that he will hear anything, but his zeal will earn him repute among men." Thus, Telemachus' fruitless journey is conceived by Athene as a kind of educational apprenticeship, a means of preparing him (in reputation) for his eventual kingship. That Telemachus "finds" his father is an illusory factor; for in reality, he never does. Odysseus merely returns. But Stephen's search is clearly of another order: it is a search for a father *in principle*; the Father-Principle, in short, denied to him (whom Pater-Bloom intuitively identifies with the changeling, fairy boy) by nature, and by his own nature.

Thus, Stephen's search, unlike that of Telemachus', is not merely a discipline, *for-the-sake-of*; it is rather a self-generated and self-consuming drive for self-discovery or selfhood. For it is only through the father that the son can know himself. In a certain sense, of course, the Greek notion of kingliness is self-knowledge so that Telemachus and Stephen Dedalus are not entirely separate in their goals.

The clue to Joyce's conception of the father-son relationship is to be found in the brilliant Scylla and Charybdis chapter which deals largely (on its literal level) with Shakespearian criticism and the character of Hamlet. It is generally felt that Stephen's views here are satirical, gymnastic, and intended as ironic tongue-in-cheek-comment on "scholarship" for the benefit of his high-minded (always excepting Buck Mulligan!) audience at the Dublin Public Library. But it is more than that. It contains, first of all, that essential anchorage to reality (here, a set of values) which gives the bite to all irony; and it provides, like all play-acting (*vide* the play within the play in *Hamlet*) the thing with which to prick the conscience of the king: here, the king, by his own analogy of the father-son principle as "apostolic succession," is Stephen himself.

Gilbert recognizes that there is more to Stephen's discourse on



fatherhood than an ingenious and witty tour de force at Shakespeare's, or history's, expense. He says: "The mystery of paternity, in its application to the First and Second Persons of the Trinity, to King Hamlet and the Prince, and, by implication, to the curious symbiosis of Stephen and Mr. Bloom is ever in the background of Stephen's Shakespearian exegesis. All through this chapter he is capturing in a net of analogies, is *symbolizing* (in the exact meaning of this word: *throwing together*), the protean manifestations of the creative force (one of whose dynamics in the animate world is the rite of procreation, paternity). God (Father and Son)—Shakespeare—Stephen Dedalus: all are vehicles of a like energy."

"Fatherhood," says Stephen in the now famous passage, "in the sense of conscious begetting, is unknown to man. It is a mystical estate, an apostolic succession, from only begetter to only begotten. On that mystery and not on the madonna . . . the church is founded and founded irremovably because, founded like the world, macro—and microcosm upon the void. Upon incertitude, upon unlikelihood . . . Paternity may be a legal fiction." It is this passage so central to an understanding of Stephen's personality, to the very structure of Ulysses itself, which has served as the focus for attacks on Joyce's *Weltanschauung*, as a "metaphysical nihilism." We can entertain such a charge only if we evaluate Stephen Dedalus as the significant figure in *Ulysses*; only if we naively identify the point of view of the creator with his own creation.<sup>3</sup> And to do that we must ignore the Molly Bloom's positive and passionately affirmative impact, as well as the sceptical but understanding acceptance of Leopold Bloom. That seems to be too large a price to pay.

Indeed, the very nature of the father-hunt in which Telemachus and Stephen engage themselves, provides for different conclusions. In spite of what T. E. Shaw would undoubtedly call Telemachus' "priggish" doubts about his paternity (that is to say, his mother's honor), the Greek son sought for, did not discover, but eventually regained his own father or, if we are to be "priggish" too, the only father his mother would credit. For Stephen, the conclusion was not so happy. There is a bare touch and go in his spiritual union with Bloom. Yet the *paternity* is strongly felt by the Dublin Ulysses. Stephen can feel his sonship only on a considerably more remote plane. For two reasons: Bloom, unlike Stephen, has been haunted during his Dublin Odyssey by fragmentary memories of little Rudy, the son who died in infancy. Rudy has been a part of his conscious thought processes, and the incidents in the brothel, where he has followed Stephen to protect him, merely serve to crystallize for him the analogical base in his protective feelings toward the strange, but familiar, young man. But the realization takes place, as it must, metaphorically. After they leave the brothel Stephen is struck down by

the pugnacious Private Carr and as Bloom leans over him holding his hat and ashplant and thinking "... Well educated. Pity ... Not hurt anyhow."

*"Silent, thoughtful, alert, he stands on guard, his fingers at his lips in the attitude of a secret master. Against the dark wall a figure appears slowly, a fairy boy of eleven, a changeling, kidnapped, dressed in an Eton suit with glass shoes and a little bronze helmet, holding a book in his hand. He reads from right to left inaudibly, smiling, kissing the page."*

Bloom

*(Wonderstruck, calls inaudibly.) Rudy!*

Rudy

*(Gazes unseeing into Bloom's eyes and goes on reading, kissing, smiling. He has a delicate mauve face. On his suit he has diamond and ruby buttons. In his free left hand he holds a slim ivory cane with a violet bowknot. A white lambkin peeps out of his waistcoat pocket.)"*

Thus the union of the Stephen image with the Rudy image is accomplished most delicately and with a tender magic.

But Stephen, unlike Telemachus, and like Rudy, never acknowledges on any conscious level his sonship; rather, like Rudy "he gazes unseeing into Bloom's eyes." For Stephen had earlier in "the feast of pure reason" at the public library humorously stated his own unconscious dilemma: "... if the father who has not a son be not a father can the the son who has not a father be a son?" The answer is clear in Episode 17 which is equated with Ithaca. For it is here that Bloom makes his "proposal of asylum" for the night to Stephen which "Promptly, inexplicably, with amicability, gratefully ... was declined." There is, in Stephen, an ambivalence toward the idea of sonship which expresses itself touchingly but "inexplicably" (to himself, too, no doubt) in his refusal of the fatherly offer. For in spite of his human needs for sonship there is in Stephen, the exile in his own land, as Bloom is the exile in a strange one, a hard core of *use* for his own estrangement from such love. It is Stephen the artificer-heir of the Artificer-Dedalus who clings to this emotional dispossession, or unpossession, if you will, for what, he recognizes intuitively, he can later, as artist, do with it. This, then, is Stephen's real difference from Telemachus whose needs were simple, direct, and once met easily satisfied: Essentially, Stephen cannot be a son. And, seen in his role as artist, maker, the reason for this becomes apparent. For if the Father principle is the procreative principle, it is the principle Stephen seeks only to *use*. That is Stephen's tragic situation: He wants a father and almost finding one, he cannot be a son.

There are two basic and somewhat humorous antagonisms between the ancient and the modern Ulysses: the former is uniformly and consistently successful in love; the latter is successful only partially:—by remote control (*vide* the ocular rape of Gertie-Nausicaa, and the transports, via postal service, of Miss Martha Clifford) and, ultimately, with Penelope-Molly for the first time in ten years and then only after her voluptuous afternoon with her current lover, Blazes Boylan. In another matter, there exists a satiric breach (as wide as the gap between the two cultures themselves) between the Greek “adventure-suffering and adventure-seeking man” and the Dublin canvasser—his spiritual descendant: Ulysses is tested, “tried” by the gods; Ulysses-Bloom is tried and tested mostly by his wife. It is true the objectionable “Citizen” taunts him for his race; it is true the medical students try to pull his leg; but we never feel that Bloom has been singled out for persecution, for *trial*, as was *Odysseus*; that is, by anyone except Molly herself. The change in our deities has indeed been considerable!

As a matter of fact, apart from Molly Bloom there is an huge imbalance between the men and women in Joyce. How different from Homer where, if Palmer’s evaluation is correct, the women are the dominant forces in the story. None of the supporting cast of women in *Ulysses* have stature as at least three of the men do: Bloom, Stephen, and Buck Mulligan (the latter as the goatish, comic muse). Or, perhaps, it is that they all become dwarfed in comparison with a female colossus like Molly, the type, the symbol, the Mother of them all. Yet, as a social fact, apart from aesthetic considerations, this difference in the status of Joyce’s women has import. In Ireland, certainly the Ireland of 1904, woman’s place was in the home. The Church still sees to that—at least in principle. The women we find abroad in Bloom’s peregrinations are streetwalkers, barmaids, or servant girls on errands. Adolescents like Gertie and her tom-boy friend Cissy Caffrey are only auxiliary nursemaids to their mothers, doing the family marketing or minding the younger children. It seems not at all a-typical that Stephen, the University scholar and gentleman, should have a little ragamuffin sister, Dilly, who starving for a bun, spends her penny for a French primer she cannot read! It is Molly and a dead woman, Stephen’s mother, who are the female powers.

As in Joyce’s *Portrait of The Artist as a Young Man*, the background of *Ulysses*, unlike that of the *Odyssey*, is one of a grinding lower-middle-class poverty: stale, threadbare, malodorous. Joyce’s Dublin is a city whose fetid odors of human filth and horse dung, whose garbage-bearing Liffey, seem very far from Ithaca, that rocky, windswept island of the blue Aegean. Yet even these implied and unstated contrasts create an ironic counterpoint which is an ever-present though muffled beat of doom. Take, for example, the measure of the kind of



itemization of the household economy of Penelope's, Nestor's, or Menelaus' establishments as compared with Bloom's domain at 7 Eccles Street or the Martello tower of Stephen and Buck Mulligan. When Athene first appeared to Telemachus with the "look of Mentès, a chief in Taphos,"

"he spread smooth draperies over a throne of cunning workmanship and seated her upon it. For her feet there was a foot-stool, while for himself he drew up a painted lounge-chair. . . . A maid came with a precious golden ewer and poured water for them above its silver basin, rinsing their hands. She drew to their side a gleaming table and on it the matronly housekeeper arranged her suore or bread and many prepared dishes. . . . A carver filled and passed them trenchers of meat in great variety, and set on their tables two golden beakers which the steward, as often as he walked up and down the hall, refilled for them with wine."

The wine, by the way, Telemachus elsewhere describes as "stuff with the glint of sunlight in it."

At Menelaus' "marvellous" house Telemachus is repaid in kind although the splendor exceeds that of his own kingly home and he and his party "stared around, feasting their eyes." Later,

"Helen . . . came out from her high-coffered, incense-laden room with her women; of whom Adraste carried the graceful reclining chair for her mistress while Alcippe had her soft wollen carpet and Phylo a silver basket given the queen by Alcandre. . . . The basket was mounted on a wheeled carriage also of silver and the rims of it were carried out in gold. It was heaped full of the smoothest yarn and across it, at the moment, lay the distaff wound with wool of a wood-violet blue."

It is against this luxurious background, rich and stately, that we must place the basement kitchen in which Ulysses-Bloom receives his Telemachus-Stephen.

"What did Stephen see on raising his gaze to the height of a yard from the fire towards the opposite wall?"

Under a row of coiled spring housebells a curvilinear rope, . . . from which hung four small sized square handkerchiefs folded unattached consecutively in adjacent rectangles and one pair of ladies grey hose with lisle suspended tops and feet . . . "

"What did Bloom see on the range?"

On the right (smaller) hob a blue enamelled saucepan: on the left (larger) hob a black iron kettle."

"What lay under exposure on the lower middle and upper shelves of the kitchen dresser opened by Bloom?

On the lower shelf five vertical breakfast plates, six horizontal breakfast saucers on which rested inverted breakfast cups, a mustache cup, uninverted, and saucer of Crown Derby, four white gold-rimmed egg cups . . . and a phial of aromatic violet comfits. On the middle shelf a chipped egg cup containing pepper. A drum of table salt, four conglomerated black olives in oleaginous paper, an empty pot of Plumtree's potted meat . . . a small dish containing a slice of fresh ribsteak. On the upper shelf a battery of jamjars of various sizes and proveniences."

And so the differential persists all through the modern voyaging. Yet it is precisely the kind of *tonal* differentia which many commentators ignore, so busy are they exploring the overt correspondences, or inventing absurd ones where they do not exist; and, in both instances, with the accent always on the literal significations. Yet to fail to see the margin for bitter and humorous comment provided, for example, by the physical *goods* of the Greek prototypes over against the impoverished, mean array of the hero of a quantitatively-oriented culture is to miss an enormous range of implication. Of course, the Homeric collater, too, was performing an act of memory, was succumbing to a nostalgia for a way of living that was no longer known to the Aechaen city-states by which he was surrounded.

In *Ulysses*, interestingly, it is Buck Mulligan, the Rabelaisian medical student, who verbalizes the Hellenism, which infects many of the characters, most frequently and self-consciously. In the early pages of *Ulysses*, Buck, bantering with Stephen, introduces himself to us: "My name is absurd too: Malachi Mulligan, two dactyls. But it has a Hellenic ring, hasn't it? Tripping and sunny like the buck himself. We must go to Athens. Will you come if I can get the aunt to fork out twenty quid?" Later, again to Stephen, he grandiosely proposes: "God, Kinch, if you and I could only work together we might do something for the island. Hellenise it." And looking out over Dublin Bay: "God, he said quietly. Isn't that what Algy calls it: a grey sweet mother? The snotgreen sea. The scrotum-tightening sea. *Epi oinopa ponton*. Ah, Dedalus, the Greeks. I must teach you. You must read them in the original. *Thalatta! Thalatta!* . . . " It is in this sense rather than in the more obvious role which has been assigned to Buck as Antinous, the most likely of Penelope's suitors, that Stephen is being robbed of his inheritance. Gilbert confines this usurpation to Buck's "lording it" in the Martello Tower for which Stephen pays the rent and to which Buck keeps the key. Yet, Stephen's real disinheritance seems more significantly to lie in his being cut off from the Hellenic roots to which the ribald, cynical Buck has the key (i.e. the

language) for Stephen has to rely on translation from the Greek. When Gilbert adds somewhat speciously "Like Antinous and the other suitors, Mulligan and his like would despoil the son of his heritage or drive him into exile" it is not clear to what order of patrimony he refers for he does not document his statement. It must be remembered that, in reality, Antinous, had he succeeded, would have been the usurper of Ulysses; he was, in so far as he swilled and lived on his estate, the usurper only of Telemachus's *goods*. The inheritance of which Buck would deprive Stephen is of another order. As a matter of fact, Stephen, ultimately, himself rejects his real "inheritance"; this rejection, flowing, as I have tried to show, from his essential inability to accept "sonship."

The central fact, then, about the correspondences existing between the *Odyssey* and *Ulysses* in terms of structure, event, dramatis personae and so on is that Joyce's emphasis was always on deriving the essential quality from his model rather than on literal, easy, or even ingenious, parallels. There is abundant testimony as to his intent; there is even more abundant corroboration as to its successful realization in the text of *Ulysses* itself. For example, when working on the *Oxen of the Sun* episode, Joyce confessed to Budgen that he had struggled to resolve his own conflicts about the meaning of that episode in the *Odyssey*. He finally concluded: "The companions of Ulysses disobey the commands of Pallas. They slay and flay the oxen of the Sun god and all are damned save the prudent and pious Ulysses. I interpret the killing of the sacred oxen as the crime against fecundity by sterilising the act of coition and I think my interpretation is as sound as that of any other commentator on Homer." (It is worthwhile to note that Joyce terms himself "commentator.") Another controversial parallel which Joyce resolved by characteristically free treatment was the slaughter of the suitors which he said "always seemed to me un-Ulyssean." And, as Budgen adds, "Appropriately, it is in the bedroom that Bloom meets and disposes of the suitors. From this base he takes the salute of the host of his wife's admirers. With bloodless thought Bloom banishes his rivals to nonentity . . ." And if there is any doubt about the fullness of Bloom's triumph it is the final chapter of the book, Molly Bloom's soliloquy, which settles it. For Molly's interior monologue is what, as Joyce said, gives "the indispensable counter-sign to Bloom's passport to eternity."

What emerges from these considerations, then, is that any approach to an evaluation of the relationship which *Ulysses* bears to the *Odyssey* must be premised on an ungrudging acceptance of the heretical nature of the creative process. We have the "ground plan"—the *Odyssey*. We have the working notes of the architect—Joyce's notes and conversations as well as some Mss. versions. We have, finally, the edifice itself—*Ulysses*. And, richly and strangely, something has happened which none



of these historical facts will explain. It is what has gone on *in between* that makes for "history with a difference."

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1. Joyce said to Bugden, "My definitions of space and time are good. What?"

2. This view of Stephen is not held by all students of Joyce. J. W. Beach in his *The Twentieth Century Novel* charges both Stephen and Bloom with "a paralysis of the will to action" and implies that both characters are in a state of stasis. Harry Levin in *James Joyce* seems to subscribe to Mr. Beach's view when he says: "... his characterization is static because his characters are paralyzed." One might legitimately question—were one to grant Mr. Levin's assumption—whether the *dynamic* characterization of "paralyzed" characters is not, at least, a possibility.

3. It is true that there is a heavy autobiographical weighting to Stephen. Joyce himself has gone on record for that: "I haven't let that young man off lightly have I? Many writers have written about themselves. I wonder if any one of them has been as candid as I have?" Yet the transmutation of the artistic process clearly affects the nature of the Stephen-Joyce relationship. It is revealing that when *Ulysses* was appearing serially in *The Little Review* Joyce received letters from readers (much as the Victorian novelists did) urging more of Stephen and less of Bloom; His reaction was: "Stephen no longer interests me to the same extent. He has a shape that can't be changed." Despite Joyce's intention, it might well be worth considering who actually establishes himself as hero in *Ulysses*, Leopold Bloom or Stephen.

Witter Bynner

## AND THEN WHAT HAPPENS?

And then what happens when the flesh commands  
More than mere comprehension understands,  
When very flesh must very flesh entwine  
And so uncountenance the columbine?

And then what happens when the flesh relents  
And faces wisdom at its own expense?  
Flesh, if it be enamored of the heart,  
Can never know itself a thing apart.

Hardiman Scott  
SPIDER WORLD

We watched the spider twist across the sill  
With all his splendid oratory confined  
To tenuous strands of an old man's hair  
And the irony of his silent order.

We watched, in those florid days of blossoms  
Leaping stallions' manes from the wind's snapping,  
The dew-spangled and the sun-spattered paths  
Tempting, to crystal, our fly-fidgeting minds.

In the insect's strangling architecture  
We read our fortunes, vaguely excited  
By the Gothic curls and solar beauty,  
And, unsuspecting, heard the silken dome  
Crash, and Cicero, a hundred-tongued, come  
To plead our case with unnatural cunning.

Donald Weeks  
INSURRECTION

The morning of that day the sky was red;  
it was the sailor's warning of the storm ahead.  
All morning long across the sky the clouds  
hurried in impassioned crowds  
and made the land a restless sea of shadow  
where house and barn, and wood and meadow  
rose in a surge of purple and blue  
and sunlit green on the winter wheat.  
I stood at the fence drowned in the motion  
of the world I knew turned suddenly ocean  
rising against me in cloud and wood  
to force me to yield the place I stood.  
I knew at once that I must repeat  
a miracle here on the sea of wheat,  
walk on the water, stay until  
I could say to the storm, Peace, be still!

John Gould Fletcher

## WE HAVE LOST THE SILK

We have lost the silk, we have taken the cotton;  
The sky is a gray lake; the tree a soft blot on  
The shore of the void. The way to the day is forgotten.

We have lost the statue, we have achieved the voice;  
And so, good Christian people here, rejoice.  
There is far less need for calm, and far more clamorous noise.

We have lost space, but we have gained on time;  
The minutes race around; in their dull dial-chime,  
There is less distance than between rhyme and rhyme.

We have lost the mask, have built the torn face again.  
No one can take from us the knowledge of the strain—  
Gnatlike, against a mountain—nor the unredeeming pain.

We have lost the feeling, but have found at last the mind:  
Uprooting like a wild boar, harsh and blind,  
The meaning of the flower for our souls once designed.

Shirley Armstrong

## LATE SUMMER

Our love was a bright box-kite  
That we sailed together in a blue spring sky.

You let me fly it alone,  
And it tangled in a poplar's green hair.

It has nestled there, far out of reach  
But we've watched it every heat-shimmering day.

If I climb up and comb the poplar's hair,  
Will the jealous tree skin my hands and knees?

## THE COMBS OF THE ROOSTERS ARE RED

Red. Bright, crinkly, grained-and-alive red were the combs of the roosters. Some folded over, some flamed up straight like sumac clusters, some had a brave symmetry, but always they were red, always they startled Johnnie like fat mushrooms grown up overnight under the mulberry tree.

Johnnie got to know how the roosters stood up straight and tall in the morning sun, how they swelled, opened their bills and began to crow. Something more than sound seemed to come out of them then. Something like a frog seemed to come up through their throats, distending and ruffling the feathers as it came, and, when the roosters stretched upward on the tips of their toes, the frog leaped invisibly into the air with the sound.

Johnnie got to know how the roosters clucked hens near, how they would stretch down a wing and dance a jiggly circle around the hens before fastening on to their necks, how, lankly, they pulled their heads into a shade shut off from a hot afternoon sun, how, in fright, they lurked with shiny eyes and necks upthrust among the weeds.

And finally Johnnie learned how they fought, terribly and with smothered breaths until sometimes they died afterwards. They'd come in, heads down, neck-feathers ruffled, until their bills touched. Then they leaped, pecked, beat their wings and drew up both feet to drive in their spurs. Although it made him sick to stay, he couldn't pull himself away from a fight—from the yellow flashing spurs, the combs grown wet with blood.

There was one fight between a thin, shiny black rooster and a heavy yellow red which stood out from all others. The yellow red rooster was the oldest of the flock, so old that his thick comb, shorn of most of its teeth, was dusty with age. And he used to fool the hens. He'd put down his head and cluck as if he had found them food. The younger roosters never clucked unless they had really found something for a hen to eat, but this old fellow pretended. Pecking in the grass, he'd lure a hen right up to him. If she stopped on the way, he'd jump around as if trying to catch a bug and let out a scream of excitement. Usually this was enough. If a hen didn't respond at all, he'd work his way close and make a final dash when she didn't see him. He was old, bossy, and didn't trouble to hunt for his own food, but drove off other chickens from the best feeding patches.



One day as Johnnie lay in the shade, he saw the red rooster attack a tall black rooster who had just reached his full growth. The black rooster started to fight back, but, after ruffling his feathers, stalked away before the heavy crouch of the red one. Part way across the grass the young rooster came upon a pullet. He began to dance around her. She gave a little squawk. The young rooster leaped, upset the pullet, but missed a hold on her neck. Just then the old red rooster charged. The black one circled and plunged from the side with both spurs. His attack loosed a spurt of yellowish red feathers and knocked the old one down. Twisting aside from the kicking spurs of the fallen rooster, the black one dug his bill into the other's comb, flung his weight against it and struck against an unprotected side.

Johnnie sat up. Until now he had expected the younger rooster to knuckle under. In the anger of the prolonged attack he sensed something more serious than the half dozen fights that happened every day. In the lazily humming afternoon, Johnnie hunched forward, all the green world and all the wandering clouds forgotten. Something fearful tensed in his stomach, something deep down that grew stronger as the fight went on. For the black rooster, after his second attack, stood back with flared breast and burning eyes. And the old rooster crouched heavily down.

Slowly, one foot at a time, the old rooster came forward. All his movements were heavy, slow, assured. The black one bent his neck down. Thus they crouched for a long moment, the old one's wattles dragging the dust, for somehow they had flopped off the grass into the baked clay where the sunflowers grew.

The younger one dug in his toes and arched his back. The old one's head lay still and easy as if he were dusting. There was no tensing in him until, out of the long inaction, the younger one suddenly struck in black explosion. It was all a swirl of fury—beaten wings, driven spurs, lightning flashes of beaks with split moments holding the image of absolutely immobile heads poised in reptilian hate.

The attack varied. Sometimes one was on top, sometimes the other. Sometimes they worried in circles, one biting the other's comb or neck. Their combs grew bloody. They began to settle, to pant—hissing pants out of open mouths where sharp tongues quivered in tiny flames. Out of these pauses they sprang forward, spurs first, struck, landed on uneasy feet and sparred with heads and necks like a spring bent double. And Johnnie somehow felt himself a part of that spring, felt it jiggled in his heart as the beaks broke their furious circling and jabbed cruelly into live flesh.

The black rooster was faster. After one swift jab the older one began to duck his head in the close encounters and hide it against his adversary's body. This tactic made the younger one more relentless. He

struck the old one down, straddled him with clawed spurs, struck again and again at the old one's bloody head. It looked as if the fight was over. Johnnie grabbed a stick and, wild with a sense of life and death, got ready to break them apart. He waited only to see that the old one had entirely given up the fight. He meant to punish the young rooster and somehow to release the pent-up pain of his own heart. He meant to strike the black one with hatred and with all his strength. He'd pay him back. He'd save old Reddy and bind up his wounds.

But something happened. The old one got a grip on the other's throat, flung him back without releasing him, crutched himself up with his wings. With a desperate effort the black rooster jerked loose, but, in doing so he struck backward against a sunflower stalk. Before he could recover himself the old rooster was upon him, not striking with his spurs but settling them into the sides under the beating wings. Johnnie saw the scaly legs draw together. By some laxing of the black one's body and the feebler fluttering of his wings Johnnie knew that secretly death was seeping in, that some dark and awful fact of living was happening there within the proud body of the bird. And he wondered at the silence with which the rooster died, not squawking and flapping as did the ones that Papa took to the chopping block. Just settling quietly in death. The old rooster sprang aside and spurned the dying one with stretched wing.

Johnnie didn't notice the older one go. He scrambled to his feet and picked up the black one, hot and bloody in his hands. Through the soggy green smell of the afternoon yard—a thing he had forgotten until the blood and flesh smell of the dead bird pierced it—he felt his own heart pounding. Somehow he felt it wouldn't be. Somehow as he looked around to discover the same clouds, the same old mulberry tree and the same hydrangeas nodding with the weight of bees he began to be afraid it couldn't ever be the same. It was as if he'd been away and had come back to find evil shapes had hidden in everything he'd ever known. It all looked the same but it wasn't. Things weren't like they looked, but scary as thunder.

He threw the dead thing down and ran crying, with blood on his hands, into the house.

"Mama — Oh, Mama!"

"Yes — " And with alarm as he rushed into the kitchen, "Why, whatever—Johnnie, Johnnie! What is it, child?"

The terror words ebbed away. He said, rather importantly, "Mama, the black rooster's dead. That old red one killed it. I had it in my hands."

"Where is it? Did you bring it in?"

"No . . . "

"Well, get it and we'll have it to eat."

“No, Mama. I don’t want to touch it. I won’t ever eat it.”

“All right. If that’s how you feel I’ll get it. It’s good to cook as long as you’re sure you seen it killed.”

Babette Deutsch

## THE GULLS

On the steep cliff  
That hung over the sand,  
Where nothing moved for the eye’s farthest reach  
But ocean’s royal colors twitched with white,  
And, on the sky-wide beach, a flock of gulls,  
I gave my joy into the wild birds’ keeping.  
On the shore  
Only the gulls were living, and  
Beyond, those lucid greens,  
Those traveling purples, dark as fate.  
I could believe the gulls more beautiful  
Than Yeats’s swans above the lake at Coole.  
Fifty and more, by my uncertain count,  
They rested there,  
Till suddenly, upon what wind of impulse who could say,  
They rose, as if the shore were answering  
The ocean’s huge harsh whisper with grey breath,  
To settle on the sea.  
They were at home, being wave-bred, on their wide watery nest,  
And floating quietly as clots of foam  
They rocked my joy with them upon that boundless breast.  
But not for long.  
Once more they rose, over fifty of them, away  
In winged ellipse.  
And as they flew,  
Leaving the vast shore still, the vast sea bare,  
I marvelled that, though the gulls carried it  
Sightless into the sky, poor human joy  
Could rise so high, and, even as it vanished, stay.

Marya Zaturenska

## THE RECALL OF EURYDICE

Because the light still flowered in the heart  
Where love and summer brimmed continually,  
The blue forest was hard to enter or depart  
As the green mornings and the living sea  
The embracing grass in which the cold snake slept.

But a firm black hand drew her gently down  
Into that forest. Dim with the unpolished jewel,  
Of many a discarded life, each soul a forsaken town,  
And in the obsequious dark her gentle eyes grew cruel  
And her forgotten hair fell shuddering down to her knees.

First like a maniac violin sounding among the tombs,  
Some lost voice descended. Thrilled the dream-deep cypresses  
Swept through the trees, burst through the moving rooms,  
Wild with the ancient sweetness of caresses  
Remembered in the bitter strength of age.

Music that crept forbidden through the faint  
Cerulean cypresses, the entangled drowning grass,  
Raised in lament, in loss, in passion, and complaint,  
Cleansing the mind, clearing the spirit's morass  
The remembered pain brought joy to the new dead.

The tie stronger than death, more exquisite than youth,  
Than genius, beauty, grace, angelic sweetness,  
Love has arrived himself divine among the uncouth  
The groping dead whose limbs have lost blood's fleetness,  
They behold One who conquers death with song.

To her the messenger came wing-sandaled fire-aureoled  
And dark buildings giddy with the sun,  
Opened their ancient windows, bell after bell tolled,  
The long-locked river now began to run  
Only for her the new-lost the recalled.

Her grey draperies shuddering in the wind  
Lifted like ghostly wings. The compelling song, the wailing trees,  
Shook with supernal love for humankind



The music running through her awakened head  
 Recalled the bridal couch, the falling lakes, the streams,  
 The wistful, daydreams of the maiden wed  
 Or her love's form seen but through drowning gleams  
 Through skyborn fragrance of the living flowers.

These she remembered when that backward look  
Put out her eyes of vision and she fell  
Into the firm black hands. Her fleshless body shook,  
In grief and loss and she returned to Hell  
Drank deep of Lethe and was still again

A nameless shade among the nameless shades.

## THE LAME, THE HALT

This new world    this time about you  
standing in brilliance unsupported  
by the rôles of other wars  
this prop in space    this belt of stars  
this contribution to the lore  
of ages . . . . .

will deny the morbid  
heart of love without you the core  
of love the very target  
missed but standing thwarted  
and apart silent to praise  
birds singing gloriously unmarred  
by moving in the emptiness  
you made.

*Quomodo . . . sola civitas*

Unwhole the lame brush off their  
tenderness and turning away again  
into the solitary city pull down the blinds  
on solitary streets.

Ray B. West, Jr.

## CHANGE OVER

Mr. Johnson had worked at McGillicudy & Swift's for a long time. He had worked there so long that it came as a shock to him when Mr. McGillicudy called him into his dark little office to announce that the firm was no longer in a position to continue his salary.

"It's regrettable," Mr. McGillicudy said, removing his glasses and wiping them on one corner of his black linen duster, his dim eyes searching the corners of the room. "There'll always be a place for you—when things pick up again—I mean."

Mr. Johnson understood what he was trying to say. McGillicudy & Swift's no longer had enough merchandise to keep the three of them busy.

"You've been a good boy, Tom. I speak for Mr. Swift as well as myself when I say it."

Mr. McGillicudy still thought of Mr. Johnson as being young, and he still called him "boy," although Mr. Johnson had worked for them for nineteen years, ever since he was sixteen and still in high school. Mr. McGillicudy still addressed him in the same, slightly formal tone he had begun to use nineteen years ago. Mr. Johnson had become so accustomed to it he scarcely noticed. Now Mr. McGillicudy peered directly at Mr. Johnson for the first time since the interview had begun.

"I do hope that you won't forget us."

"Oh, no sir!" Mr. Johnson hurried to assure him, more out of habit than anything else. "I wouldn't do that, Mr. McGillicudy."

Actually Mr. Johnson's mind was on other things. He was wondering, in the first place, what Mrs. Johnson would say. They had talked so often about how it would be when he had become manager of McGillicudy & Swift's. That was why he had taken that extension course and why he had attended the yearly series of lectures on Personality and Salesmanship sponsored each spring by the Junior Chamber of Commerce. The two old men did not have families. When they retired, there would be only Mr. Johnson to run the business.

He was so busy with his own thoughts that he wasn't even aware of Mr. McGillicudy turning to his dusty old desk, dipping his pen into the inkwell, and scratching it across the surface of his large, black checkbook—the one with *McGillicudy & Swift's* engraved in faded gilt lettering upon the cover. Mr. Johnson was startled again when the check was suddenly thrust before him.

"There is a . . . a matter of a little bonus," Mr. McGillicuddy said, clearing his throat. He removed his glasses again and wiped his eyes with a corner of the duster. "As I say, we do hope you won't forget us. The war . . ."

It was a strange thing walking through the almost bare show room for the last time. Mr. Johnson looked at the familiar objects displayed on the floor, and they seemed suddenly like old friends with whom he would have to part, the lamps standing stiffly in the corner, some of them with extra shades piled upon them, the tables and chairs, beds, and the showcases for pottery and chinaware. Why, some of it had been there almost as long as he had. He wondered who would keep it dusted now that he was leaving. As he was about to open the front door, Mr. Swift came limping hurriedly down the aisle.

"Tom!" he called huskily. Mr. Swift had been in some kind of accident when he was young. It had left him crippled and with only a coarse whisper for a voice. "You weren't leaving without saying good-bye to me now, were you, Tom?"

Mr. Johnson tried to smile.

"No, of course not, Mr. Swift," he said.

"No hard feelings?" Mr. Swift whispered anxiously. "We wouldn't want you to hold no hard feelings."

Mr. Johnson shook his head.

"I know how it is, Mr. Swift."

His own voice sounded like Mr. Swift's and he cleared his throat.

"I know how it is," he repeated because he could think of nothing else to say.

"It's a good time to find another position," Mr. Swift said. "It's not like it was bad times, Tom. We kept you on through the depression."

"I know, Mr. Swift," Mr. Johnson said. "I'm not complaining."

"You're a good boy, Tom!" Mr. Swift patted him on the shoulder. "Maybe in a few months the war will be over."

When Mr. Johnson got out onto the sidewalk, he noticed for the first time that it had begun to rain. He put his hat on and turned the collar of his coat up. As he did, he caught a reflection of himself in the windowglass. He was a little surprised to see that he had not changed. He looked young with his hat on. He had always thought so. There were a few lines about his mouth and eyes, but they were not noticeable in the faint light. Also, his hair was still thick enough about the sides, so that no one would ever guess how thin it had actually become on top.

He felt slightly better as he walked to the corner drug store and stepped inside the entrance-way to wait for his bus. In a few moments he found himself wedged in among a group of laughing high school girls who had just transferred from the Highland Park line. One of

them was a neighbor girl who sometimes came in to tend the children for them when they took in a movie.

"Hello, Mr. Johnson," she said, and Mr. Johnson smiled and touched the rim of his hat.

He saw the other girls stare at him and he looked preoccupied, like a man contemplating a big business deal he had just put over. Then two soldiers with service ribbons entered the entrance-way and the girls turned their attention to them. Mr. Johnson realized suddenly what had happened to him. He was thirty-five years old and out of a job for the first time in his life. He knew that he would never succeed McGillicudy and Swift because in a few months there would be nothing to succeed to. Tomorrow he would be looking for a new job. For the first time in nineteen years he wouldn't be opening up at McGillicudy & Swift's. He wouldn't be dusting the furniture and adjusting the window blinds. He wouldn't see Mr. McGillicudy come peering down the long aisle of the show room, his blunt fingers balancing his glasses halfway down his nose. He wouldn't hear Mr. Swift's uneven footsteps, or the faint buzz of the freight elevator; he wouldn't smell the grease on his hands from the old cable or hear the scratch of Mr. McGillicudy's pen as he made out the weekly check.

Mr. Johnson's mind was like a machine that had been started in reverse and could not be made to go forward. He couldn't for the life of him turn away from the past and into the future. Tomorrow and all the long days that stretched ahead were like the black emptiness into which he sometimes tumbled in his dreams, and he faced them with the same kind of panic. Now that they were not punctuated with the familiar tasks, the meaning had somehow been removed from them. He was not even aware of the arrival of his bus until he felt the crush of other bodies against his and heard the high school girl's warm, faintly surprised voice calling to him.

"This is our bus, Mr. Johnson. Ain't you going out?"

People who didn't know the Johnsons, who only knew Mr. Johnson from having him wait on them in the store or who saw him occasionally late Saturday afternoon doing some last-minute weekend shopping, imagined him to be henpecked. That was the thing that always came to their minds first. Mr. Johnson didn't know this. Most people seemed to like him, and that was all he asked. If he had no close friends; likewise, he had no enemies. The excessive friendliness of sympathetic acquaintances he sometimes mistook for admiration, possibly the first fruits of the course in Personality and Salesmanship. Few of these acquaintances ever saw Mrs. Johnson, and whenever one of them did—discovered that she was the wife of that quiet Mr. Johnson who waited upon them at McGillicudy & Swift's—they were invariably surprised, often a little startled and suspicious as though Mr. Johnson had been deceiving them.



Not that Mrs. Johnson was a striking beauty, but she was decidedly not the type one would expect to find married to Mr. Johnson. To begin with, she was almost twelve years younger than he, with a kind of rural handsomeness that had begun to develop just about the time she first came to the city to work. Her only position had been a domestic one in the home of a slightly younger than middle-aged couple. The husband was a clerk in the sporting goods department of a mail order house, and his aggressive interest in Mrs. Johnson led almost immediately to a scene between him and his wife, following which Mrs. Johnson's employment was terminated.

Fortunately enough, Mr. Johnson had been the first person to see her after the incident. She was huddled weeping on the front steps of the Lutheran church a quarter of a block down the street from where he lived.

Even then it had taken all the nerve he possessed to approach her, and he often marvelled at the profound changes such a seemingly coincidental meeting had brought into his life. Never since that time had he once been without the thought that each new day, each minute even, might come bearing just such another gift for him. He thought of it each morning before he set out for work. Perhaps today is the day when Mr. McGillicudy will announce his retirement. "You've been a good boy, Tom. There's no one I'd rather entrust the business to than you."

Mr. Johnson had taken the girl to the Y.W.C.A., where the matron in charge had given her a room and promised to help her find another position. Mr. Johnson called around the next day to see if she was getting on all right. On the third visit he invited her to attend a movie with him. Her acceptance so encouraged him, and he was so wrought up by the movie (it was the story of a struggling young interne who, through the faith of an attractive nurse who was in love with him, succeeded in attaining the very highest position in his profession) that he proposed to her and was accepted the same night. The marriage was delayed only long enough to obtain the consent of her mother, since the girl had not yet reached her seventeenth birthday.

Still under the intoxication of the movie, Mr. Johnson had told her of his prospects at McGillicudy & Swift's. He told her about the extension course and the Junior Chamber of Commerce lectures. He had been telling her about them ever since, and she still seemed as impressed as she had been the first time. Two children had been born to them in the eight years of their marriage. The first was a boy and they christened him with Mr. Johnson's own name. Only they didn't call him Tom or Junior, they started calling him Boss, and that's what he had been ever since. They always talked about the day when he would

inherit his father's business—when Mr. Johnson had grown old like Mr. McGillicuddy and was ready to retire.

Mr. Johnson got up at his usual time the next morning. He followed his usual routine: brushed his teeth (four strokes vertically, four strokes horizontally, the way the advertising pamphlet he had read ten years earlier had instructed). He shaved, combed his hair carefully across the thin spot on the top of his head; then he took his already-knotted cravat from the bureau drawer and slipped it cautiously over his hair, pulled it tight beneath his collar, but carefully so that he wouldn't soil the knot with his fingers. He kissed the children briefly as he sat down to the breakfast table. He glanced at the newspaper headlines while he spooned up his cereal and drank his morning milk. Then he did the most difficult thing of all. He took his wife's hand as usual while she walked to the front door with him. He kissed her lightly on the lips, and then he left for work just as he knew he still had two minutes to make it to the bus-stop.

He told himself that he had really meant to tell her about it last night. He would have done it too if Boss, who had been watching for him from the front porch, hadn't come running up the street to meet him. He knew then that he wouldn't be able to tell it just the way it had happened. He hadn't even been able to tell it to himself completely—that he had lost his job and must look for another. It was the war, he told himself, and he repeated over and over in his mind that when the war was over, everything would be the same as it had been for the past nineteen years, though he knew, vaguely and uncomfortably, that this was not so.

It was about this time that his eye caught the large, double poster inside the bus. It was a brightly-colored picture of Uncle Sam dressed in overalls and jumper, pointing over his shoulder at the smoking chimneys of a factory. *I Need You in the War Effort*, the sign said. Mr. Johnson faintly remembered having seen this sign every morning for a long time. Now he studied it carefully, noting every detail of the picture. Uncle Sam's beard was slightly crooked, but there was a pleasant twinkle in his eye which helped to convince Mr. Johnson that he was speaking directly at him. He studied the poster, even when he was standing in the rear of the bus and could see it only between the bobbing heads of the passengers. He took a last look as he moved down the aisle to leave, and that made it easier to get off where he did—two blocks before his usual stop—and cross the street toward the employment agency.

The rain had turned to snow during the night. Then it had cleared up, and the merchants along the street were now out with shovels and brooms clearing the wet, early snow from their walks. They were shouting at each other and laughing at the snowfall. "Merry Christmas!"

they called back and forth. "Looks like Santa Claus hasn't forgotten us after all!" Mr. Johnson knew that ordinarily he would be shoveling with them, and he wondered who was doing it at McGillicudy & Swift's.

The employment office was full. He had to wait in line a long time before he was called over and given a little card to fill out. Several times he wanted to get up and walk out. He dreaded the thought of talking to one of the brisk, efficient-looking men who sat behind little desks along the wall. But he kept telling himself it was his duty to help the war effort. He remembered the poster: *I need you!* Somehow that helped.

He filled out the forms as he waited. *Record of Employment*. That was easy. He could list only one, McGillicudy & Swift's. *How Long Employed?* He was almost proud as he wrote in, nineteen years. He even added a little flourish to his signature the way he had when he had imagined himself signing the blanks in the big black check-book on Mr. McGillicudy's desk.

When he was called to the interview, a young man with straight blond hair took his card and studied it silently a moment. Then he put it to his lips and blew against the edge of it once or twice, staring at Mr. Johnson. He was leaning back in his chair.

"So," he said finally. "Nineteen years at McGillicudy & Swift's. What kind of business is that Mr. Johnson?"

Mr. Johnson was a little surprised that the young man had not heard of McGillicudy & Swift's. It was only a few blocks away.

"Well, it's . . . ." It occurred to him that he didn't know exactly what kind of business it was. "It's a kind of furniture store," he explained. Then he added in a tone which he remembered Mr. McGillicudy had used the day he had first hired him, "Founded in 1882," he said. "In business on the same spot ever since."

The young man laughed and lay the card on his desk.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "No business?"

Mr. Johnson didn't reply. He was tempted to say that he hadn't had to leave, but he couldn't bring himself to it. He ignored the question.

"I'd like," he said, "to obtain something in a war industry."

The young man nodded knowingly.

"Sure," he said. "That's what they all want these days. That's where the money is. Want anything particular?"

Mr. Johnson wasn't prepared for that question. He hadn't thought about that. He shook his head. The young man continued to stare at him. He seemed to be appraising him the way Mr. Johnson would have stared at a new piece of furniture.

"Trouble is," the young man began in a moment, "white collar jobs—they're pretty scarce. Can you take dictation . . . type?"

The young man was leaning back in his chair, lighting a cigarette. He seemed to be talking, thinking, and lighting the cigarette all at the same time.

"No," Mr. Johnson said, "but I took a course once in Salesmanship and Personality."

The young man laughed and blew his match out.

"But the government's not selling," he said. "It's buying. Ever do any hard work, Mr. Johnson?"

Mr. Johnson sat up a little straighter.

"Of course," he said.

"Think you could pass a physical?"

"A what?"

"A physical exam. You got anything wrong with you—bad heart, hernia, anything like that?"

Mr. Johnson shook his head. The young man picked up a telephone and dialed a number. He dropped the ashes of his cigarette into a small, hollow skull on his desk.

"Hello!" he said. "Ed Jenkins, please!" There was a moment's pause. The young man took another drag on his cigarette. Mr. Johnson coughed nervously. "Hello, Ed? This is Ralph Edmonds . . . Yeh . . . Say, Ralph? How you fixed for men? . . . Need a few, eh? How many? . . . Yeh, well, I got one here now." He glanced at Mr. Johnson. "A clerk in a furniture store." He laughed. "Yeh, sure, Ed. I'll send him over."

He put the phone carefully back into its cradle, took another pull on his cigarette, and reached for a small pad on his desk. He scribbled a name and address and handed it to Mr. Johnson.

"Here it is," he said. "Storage Depot. You know where it is? It's on Front Street."

Mr. Johnson didn't know where the depot was, but he knew that Front Street was down somewhere near the viaduct. He took the card.

"There'll be a guard there," the young man continued. "You just tell him you want to see Ed Jenkins. Ever hear of him?"

Mr. Johnson looked up quickly. He had been studying the card.

"Why a . . . no," he said.

"You'll like him," the young man said. "Fine fellow. Used to be a pitcher in the big leagues. Just ask for him. They'll give you the forms there. Your pay begins as soon as you fill in the forms, so you better hurry."

Already the young man was standing up. Mr. Johnson thanked him and turned away. He would have to hurry. Perhaps he could already get a half day's work in today. Then he would go home and surprise Mrs. Johnson. He would tell her he was working for the government now—aiding the war effort. He wondered vaguely what



kind of work he would be doing. The card said, "Junior Laborer." He half-turned once, thinking to go back and ask, but the young man was already talking to a girl who was sitting before his desk with her knees crossed. The young man was leaning forward and talking rapidly, a little smile on his face. Mr. Johnson didn't think he'd better interrupt him.

What did it mean, he wondered, Junior Laborer?

He turned slowly, put on his hat, and went out the door into the wet street.

Jean Wahl

## MEAGRE DAY IN CONVICT DRESS

Meagre day in convict dress, stink,  
Heavy turning of keys in the lock  
The victor's brutal steps, his imprecations,  
Grinding my teeth hard, I bore these sorrows.

The step in the corridor was menace  
And the key turned on a dumb despair.  
If I lie down I'm told I may but sit.  
I smile; the gaoler will forbid that grimace.

Is my hair turned white? Fever's upon me.  
I cannot count nor see myself, but must  
Preserve my memories, a will, a faith  
And certain image too of hair and lips.

—Translated by DENIS DEVLIN

William Mead  
FOR MUSIC

Cynthia's musing, and won't hear  
how mother's crying, nor  
feel the bland wind shift through the door  
to touch her hair

so softly that it scarcely breaks  
the aurealucous curls.  
(Dear Mother, tea-time. Come, the cake  
is cut. I'll call the girls.)

Mother (it is nearly seven)  
shudders at life stirring in her,  
catches withheld bits of heaven  
in her dusty mirror.

Jane, the cook, saw Cynthia go  
to kiss someone beyond the gate.  
Mother would be stunned; and too  
Cynthia would deny it.

But that must wait. The girls are down,  
Mother struggles in, for tea.  
Jane hobbles off, and whimpers, now,  
ungranted pity.

The parlour lamps will globe like brass  
through more ebullient hours of life;  
but now, the night drifts in; the hushed  
night of tea-time. "Wife,"

Father says, "wait a bit, for  
it can't be long." "Yes," Mother says.  
Cynthia turns from the garden-door  
with much unsaid.

Denys Val Baker  
CAKES FOR TEA

In the farmyard there was all life on show, the grunting pigs and the strutting cockerel and the wonder-eyed calves and the big glassy-backed horses swishing their fine tails at the flies and leaning against the stable door to keep out of the hot sun. It was fun to lean on a gate and watch them all, and to call out good morning to Mr. Grant the cow-hand each time he crossed the yard.

"Oh, come on, don't let's stand around here, let's go down to the woods and have some fun."

"Yes, Michael," he said, swallowing a hot tear, and he climbed down from the gate and turned his back on the farmyard and they began walking out across the field. The sun beat down on them, hotter than he could ever remember, and the grass was hard and dry under their feet.

"What shall we do in the woods, Michael?" he said meekly, feeling the sun burning into the back of his neck, and thinking about Mr. Grant crossing the farmyard.

"Oh, we'll have fun, we'll play battles, you'll be the Black Knight and I'll be the White Knight, we'll go and hide among the trees, then charge at each other, like real knights. We play that game a lot at home, you're sure to like it."

"Yes, Michael," he said, and they came to the end of the field and climbed a five-barred gate into the next field where the yellow corn was up to their shoulders.

"We ought to walk along the edge or we'll be doing wrong, I know my father doesn't like people walking on the corn," he said uneasily.

"Oh, don't be a spoil-sport! Look, what fun, we can play hide-and-seek, like Red Indians. Come on, you come after me and try and track me down!"

He watched the jagged pathway spring across the smooth cornface. "Oh dear," he said, "we ought to be careful." The path wound away further and further. "Come on, come on," said a voice, the deep sibilant commanding voice of a Red Indian chief.

"Yes, Michael," he said and crept along the pathway, bending low so that the golden stalks hid him from view, starting guiltily at each protesting crackle of the broken corn under his feet.

There were Red Indians among the corn, all around him now, hiding behind that yellow patch, wriggling like snakes among the roots. Tall brown men with painted faces and pieces of wood through their noses and chains dangling from their noses and long feathers in their

hair. He peered suspiciously in and out of the swaying corn tops, searching for feather heads. And scalps dangling from their waists and long gleaming knives between their teeth, he had seen them like that once at the pictures. He remembered one Red Indian he had seen at the pictures, he had a long cruel face and a hooked nose and he blew poisoned darts at the white men. "Oh, Michael!" he called out suddenly. "Oh, Michael!" There was no answer, only a strange rustling among the corn. "Oh, Michael," he said pleadingly, "is that you, Michael?" He heard the rustling come nearer, the crushing of golden corn, the padding of native feet, the hissing of Indian breaths. "Oh, Michael!" he called out and then a wild scream burst through the air, sending his heart thumping and he held up his hands desperately, half sinking to the ground, his eyes round and frightened.

"Michael, you did scare me," he said, taking deep uncomfortable pants of air, still kneeling.

"Oh don't be such a cowardy-custard! Supposing I'd been a real Red Indian, what would you have done then?"

"No, Michael," he said and looked down at the ground flushing.

"Come on, we'll go into the woods."

"Yes, Michael," he said, glad at least to get away from the corn.

They climbed through the hedge and down a green slope and there was the wood before them, like a great green sea, only with no ships on it. He always felt a little uneasy about the wood, there were so many things happening in it, but you couldn't watch them like in the farmyard, they went on behind bushes and under leaves and inside trees and deep down in strange hollows.

When they were in the woods he felt the trees all around him, like tall sentries, bending and swaying as if they wanted to take a good look at him from their remote heights.

"Here we are," he said brightly thinking what a strange light there was in the woods, like nowhere else in the world.

"Now this is what we'll do, you're the Black Knight and I'm the White Knight, now you go off down that path as far as you can and I'll go this way and when we've counted twenty-five we'll turn round and charge into battle."

"Yes, Michael," he said obediently, and turning began to run down the pathway, turfing up the fallen leaves.

"Oh, and remember you're carrying a lance. Knights always charge with lances. You can hold your arm out, like this, see?"

"Yes, Michael." Knights of old had lances and armours and shields and horses and everything, it's not quite the same without a horse, he thought. As he ran along, his padding footsteps echoed in and out of the trees. Anyway it sounds like a horse, he thought, and he began lifting up his knees and pounding his feet down into the ground, like



his father's horse when they drove in the cart to the market. Pad-pad-pad went the sound, and he ran quicker and quicker so that it sounded like a horse galloping, and he was the bold brave knight.

When he had gone far enough he stood still and closed his eyes and counted. "One-two-three-four-five-six," he said, "seven-eight-nine-ten." It was very still now, with his eyes closed. "Eleven-twelve-thirteen-fourteen." It was very lonely, too. "Fifteen-sixteen-seventeen-eighteen." He thought of the swaying trees and the thick branches and the foliage and the ferns, and now he could hear them rustling, anybody might be hidden behind them. "Nineteen-twenty-twenty-one." He fought against opening his eyes, at the same time feeling his spine tingling and thinking about the Red Indian in the cornfield and white knights hissing fire through steel vizors, and shining lances plunging into his flesh, and how far away was the farmyard. "Twenty-two - twenty-three - four - five," he shouted hastily and opened his eyes wide and peered all around him anxiously.

Far away he heard the battle cry of the White Knight. He climbed into the saddle and lifted his lance and pulled down his shiny vizor and cried out a shrill order through the steel grills. "Charge!" he cried, and dipping his lance, he bent low and charged.

He galloped along, faster and faster, seeing the trees blur and melt away, feeling the wind whistling across his cheeks, hearing only the steady padding of his horsefeet.

Coming towards him he saw the White Knight, his banners flying, his lance thrust out menacingly. "Hoorah!" cried the White Knight. "Hoorah!" he said half under his breath. What shall I do now, he thought, I must hold my arm out like a lance, what shall I do, he thought desperately, I might hurt him.

The clenched knuckles crashed full into his chest, like a blow from a hammer, smashing him to a stop, wheeling him over in a drunken fall. He saw the trees whirl round like so many drumsticks, felt them crash down upon him, found himself lying among the branches. There were scratches all over his legs and a pain in his head. Oh Michael, he thought, and looked up in bewilderment.

"The White Knight wins! Hooray for the White Knight! You are a great silly, you didn't even touch me, why you just held your arm out and closed your eyes. That's twice I've beaten you . . . you're too easy. Come on, get up, we'll think of something else."

"Yes, Michael," he said, feeling a sick taste in his mouth and watching the trees shivering and shaking above him, in a mist. He clambered on one foot and pulled pieces of bramble out of his legs, and wondered what to tell his mother about the cuts.

They went further into the wood, winding in and out along the brown leafy paths.

"What are we going to do now, Michael?" he asked meekly, hoping that they would soon come out of the woods. Perhaps they would have a race across the big field, he thought, and then go back to the farm. It must be getting on for tea time, and there would be raspberries from the garden and a big glass of fresh milk and they would sit in the summer house looking out across the orchard.

"Well, what about fencing, have you ever fenced? Never mind, it's easy enough. We'll make two swords—look, there's a fallen tree, we can make them out of the branches."

"Righto, Michael," he said, smiling up obediently and worshipping a hundred exciting adventurers, stalking Red Indians and lancing enemy knights and fighting a hundred thrilling battles, always triumphant.

He picked up a broken branch, it was stout and thick and so hard that he could not bend it. He fished out his scout-knife and began peeling the wood until he had scraped all the bark away, and it was white and shining, just like a sword. "Look," he said proudly.

"Not bad, but look, mine's much more like a sword. You must sharpen the end now."

So he began slicing at the blunt end, and trimming it, until slowly it became smooth and polished, and eventually it was long and tapering and pointed, just like a real sword, and it gleamed like silver.

"I'm ready now, Michael," he said and he clutched his earth-stained fingers around the thick end of the stick. "What do I do now, Michael?" and he held the stick out uncertainly in front of him, trying to remember who had been a famous swordsman.

"Well, now we have a battle to the death. I'm Dick Turpin and you can be a rival highwayman. These are our swords and we fight with them until one of us kills the other."

"How do we fight, Michael?" he said, feeling very foolish and ignorant.

"How silly you are. You hit my sword and I hit your sword and we try and stick our swords through each other's hearts. Like this!" (He rubbed the torn skin on his arm where the other's sword-point bit into him, and tried to keep back the tears.) "They always have sword fights stripped to the waist, so we must take off our shirts."

"Yes, Michael," he said and he pulled his grey shirt over his head, feeling the air cool and green round his body.

"What thin bones you have, you are a funny looking specimen." (He looked down at the thin ribs pushing out the white skin.) "Anyway, come on, hold your sword up. And remember it's a fight to the death—the winner to have the other's piece of cake for tea."

"Yes Michael," he said and slowly he held up his sword, watching the green light flicker on the blade. Perhaps some day he would have

a real sword, and then he would be much stronger and his ribs would be hidden by great muscles, like his father's or Mr. Grant's.

The other sword crashed across his own and a stab of pain shot up his arm, but he clutched on tightly and warded the blow off.

This is how they used to fight in the old days, he thought softly, this is a battle to death. He remembered the kings and princes and Dick Turpin and endless colourful shapes, men in gauntlets and shining armour plates, men with red tunics and golden shirts, and then he suddenly remembered Captain Blood, he had heard of a Captain Blood and his whirling stabbing sword.

"Michael," he said anxiously.

"Oh come on, you're not trying, put up a fight."

"All right, Michael," he gasped, "but I'm not just another highwayman, I'm Captain Blood."

"Who? I've never heard of him."

He pouted his mouth in a great round sudden gesture of defiance. "Oh yes, he—was very famous. I'm Captain Blood."

"All right, all right, I'll bet you Dick Turpin soon kills Captain Blood!"

Captain Blood had muscles of steel and the eye of a hawk and the speed of lightning. There was nothing that could stop Captain Blood, not even Dick Turpin, with his three-cocked hat and his black eyebrows and his flashing smile.

"I'm Captain Blood, Michael!" he shouted defiantly, and parried another slash of the sword, and another, and another.

Captain Blood jumped over walls and climbed on to ships and scattered mutinous sailors and outfenced every enemy. Out of the corner of his eyes he saw Dick. Turpin's sword paused a moment, half-raised in the air, and gripping his own weapon hard he slashed round, sending the other sword spinning and toppling away into the bushes.

"I'm Captain Blood, Michael!" he said and he ran straight forward and drove the point of his sword deep into the target, feeling the soft shudder as it sank into the white exposed flesh.

"Captain Blood's won!" he cried queerly, thinking of White Knights and Red Indians and highwaymen and pirates, and tea in the summer-house overlooking the orchard, with two whole pieces of cake.

Then, open-mouthed, he watched the swift spurt of red, splashing across the bare chest and dripping, like great tear drops, on the leafy ground, and he turned and ran, thinking Michael, Michael, Michael, Michael, I wish we were in the farmyard.

Katherine Farquhar

## THE SEX LIFE OF A WASP

Tomorrow I am going to be married, but I'm not jittery as most girls are. I've done it before.

The first man in my life was George. George was a nice man. He was fat and he smoked a cigar, but he had hair—lots of it. On his chest. And his pockets were fairly bulging. He bought me a huge house papered with five dollar bills. Since everyone was naming his house "Great Acres" or "Ten Acres," we named our mansion "Bellyacres" to be stylish and in respect of George's obesity. "Bellyacres" impressed all my friends, but the thing I liked best about it was the huge bath-room with a sunken bathtub. The bathtub proved to be convenient. The fact that wasps buzzed around in it didn't bother me. George once remarked "Wasps must lead one hell of a life." At least they *lead* one, I thought.

In order to explain my story fully, I must tell you that I have a friend who is a chemist. A pretty good one, too. The government should know about him. He made a compound which dissolves anything. It dissolved George. And George went down the drain. Of the sunken bathtub.

Then I met Basil. He knew I loved him because I didn't need his money. Basil was nice. He looked like a monkey-wrench. But what could I expect for two million dollars? We stayed at "Bellyacres." Basil didn't like wasps. They stung him. But not for long.

Basil had an annoying habit of hugging me every morning and every night. I have never been considered passive, but he had a bear-hug, and sometimes he had to call the doctor to revive me. I could not put up with this unhealthy life. And Basil went down the drain. Of the sunken bathtub.

The night I wore my mink dress with lots of skirt and very little else, I met Clarence. Clarence didn't have any hair at all. But he did have a voice like a ten-ton truck. And he said I was his sweetie. I sure was. We all have our faults. We don't all have oil wells.

I didn't dream of the trouble I would have with Clarence. It seems that he was from Texas. Maybe they don't take baths in Texas. Clarence didn't. He had to be trained. He wasn't interested in anything but me. "Wasps must not have any sex life. They aren't married to you," he said. I didn't say anything. I just wondered if there were any rich wasps. One night I asked Clarence why he didn't try our lovely bathtub. I even fixed the water. Clarence went down the drain. Of the sunken bathtub.

I met Percy at the opera. It was called ADA, but I didn't hear anything. I went to look around. There was Percy. He had a diamond



walking cane. Percy wasn't like my ex's. He wanted a companion. I was the perfect companion. I didn't complain when he drooled his food down his chin. He was eighty-nine. I thought I would be nice to him for the rest of his life.

Percy could not see the wasps. So they didn't bother him much. The funny thing is that I didn't use the chemical on him. He dissolved all by himself. And Percy went down the drain. Of the sunken bathtub.

Alfred looked like the rest of the lot. He was big and his nose was bigger. His nose reminded me of a sweet potato. But he was kind. And what a sense of humor. He would pat me on the back and nearly knock me over when he was amused. When one of the wasps stung him on his nose, he swore for a good half hour. And then he asked me why I called him Cyrano. I couldn't put up with a man who hadn't read Shakespeare. Something had to be done. I did it. And Alfred went down the drain. Of the sunken bathtub.

I have always prided myself on my intellect. And I found an intellectual companion. He may have been seedy to look at, but Cecil had brains and a bank or two. He could quote Edgar A. Guest out of this world. Everytime we came home from a party, he would take my hand and say:

"The sun shines East, the sun shines West,  
But home is where the sun shines best."

There was one of Longfellow's poem that he didn't know. But I did. I lived by it. It began "take the cash and let the credit go." I let Cecil go. He went down the drain. Of the sunken bathtub.

Tomorrow I am going to marry Henry. I'm not excited. It's all in a day's work. Now Henry is young and handsome. He is descended from Achilles or some other Greek god. Of course, he is rather naive. He still thinks he came from some rose garden. And he blushes when he kisses me on the cheek. But he is only forty-five and he can learn.

I wonder if Henry likes wasps.

Mildred Witz

REVEILLE

Sometimes in the early morning,  
When the clouds are waking up,  
I've noticed they sleep army style  
In their large, double decker beds.

F. R. Ruskin

## THE WISE ONE

I came home from school at four o'clock. A lot of people are hanging around my house. They all look nervous and uncomfortable. I see those dumb Wilson kids and I clench my fists as I walk toward them. They always call me names. They call me "stinker" and "dirty bastid." I don't understand this very well, but I know it is not a good thing so I fight with them. Sometimes I beat them and sometimes they beat me.

They don't say anything today. I stick my tongue out at them. But nothing happens. Everyone is very kind. The women cry when they see me, and they pat my head as I walk by. Even that Mrs. Riley whose husband is a policeman—and whose window I broke last week. She hugs me and cries all over me. Her tears fall on my neck and they go down my back. I shiver a little because of this strange wetness, but I don't say anything. I am glad that Mrs. Riley seems to have forgotten about her window.

I want to know what the matter is. But when I ask, they only cry more and they can't answer.

When I walk, the people move out of the way, and I feel important, but I feel scared too.

I go into my house. All my relatives are there and they, too, are crying. And when they see me they cry louder and they try to take me, but I run over to my father. My father calls me "my baby" and he tells me how he will be both father and mother to me. He tells me my mother is dead. And I cry because I feel sad. But I know he is wrong. Later I will tell him he is wrong.

I look for my brother because my brother is the bravest boy in the world. He never cries. Once he broke his leg, and the doctor came to the house to set it. He made faces, but he didn't yell. I did, though. I knew how much it hurt, so I yelled for him.

When I find my brother he is sitting alone. And he is quiet. I talk to him. I try to tell him that my mother isn't dead. He looks at me and says nothing. He is very old. He goes to high school. I explain to him that Red gave me lunch to take to school today—and she kissed me goodbye. I think I have proved my point. He tells me to go away and leave him alone. He tells me that we will never see Red again. We always call my mother that. We got it from my father who always smiles and calls her "Hey, Red."

I sit down near him and I take his hand. I say that dogs and cats die, not people. I know this is true because I once had a dog

that died, and I once saw a dead cat in the street. It had been run over. But I never knew anything else that died.

Suddenly it becomes clear to me. She wanted to run away and have an adventure. I have read about things like that. Maybe she would try to find buried treasure. Of course. She just pretended she was dead so she could run away by herself. I am so much smarter than anybody else. They don't understand. I won't tell them. I'll let her get away.

When I am alone in my bedroom at night I cry a little because she didn't take me with her and because I know I won't see her again for a long time.

**Herbert Schaumann**

**GO, TELL OUR TOWN, YOU SAW, O PASSER-BY,  
THAT HERE, OBEDIENT TO THE LAW, WE LIE**

Who fights today and dies instead of me?  
I have no heart to say, no mind to tell.  
Against our fright of deep complicity  
Their silence, angry and perpetual.

"Not that one, he's half cold." They stumble on,  
Stretcher and all, and leave him where his blood  
Unruly, on the loose at last and gone  
Creates a tiny sunset in the mud.

**Norman Macleod**

**THE AXE**

He will take his life by the handle  
And swing its dark bit into earth:  
It would rest more easily and rust  
Than its bitter teeth in the closet.

Arthur O'Keefe

POEM

The black mist falls of night  
Moving swiftly among flowers  
And starshine lift in spray.

The green-white trees stand silent  
As bees imposed upon a flower.

Again white hands scatter seed,  
A coldness cracks the brittle finger,  
Tears and lightning  
Laugh in the blue frost.

In spasmodic light  
Are twenty trees uprooted,  
Torn like suckling girls  
And slowly

The flame dies  
Surfed in the dawn,  
Dimmed in shine of stars.

Shirley Armstrong

BE CIVILIZED

Be civilized like the house cat that  
Tip-toes across the lawn at evening.

Sleep by the fire in a warm room  
And lap a saucer of milk for breakfast.

But when barking dogs attack you  
Shun the tree of escape,

Arch your back and  
Bare your claws for combat.



James Franklin Lewis

## HUB OF THE UNIVERSE

Bodiless mind at loss in a banging canyon,  
You too long housed,  
In the white stone-age clothed,  
When the master of the keep took off his hat,  
Took off his hat to the drawn communities of stars,  
And under the great bow, the milk of promise,  
Bared his reverend hair and humbly sank,  
You (too long housed)  
Did not even feel for a stair,  
To manage a way out,  
But kept your pride reactivated on its own echoes  
(Within your bonny bone, that banging hollow)  
And bitter as death stewed your own prancing bubbles yet  
(You too long in the oven housed) ;  
You could not, would not, grope for the stair  
Out, to find in a snow-flit of eternal spangles,  
What it was not in your jar of spluttering bubbles to be

Temple in a teapot,  
Furious ego sirened by your own seeming  
To remain entombed at home,  
In time you will see, you too, see stars, and fancy you  
    dreamed them,  
And, seeming so, your sacred lotus-eating person  
(Stirred to perspiration among your own echoes),  
Always will substitute yourself for all reality—  
You (in the white bone of your incisive night)  
From the hub of home will spoke the universal wheel,  
Radiantly.  
And I say your will be right.

## DANCE NOTES

It's time we found a new name for The Modern Dance. American dancing has outgrown the modernism which twenty years ago it assumed in imitation of the other arts and now, like a healthy child, has gone leaping ahead of them, leaving behind the intellectualism, the self-consciousness and the obscurity of the twenties and thirties. The dance today is back where it belongs—in the theatre; a theatre no more intellectual than the Greek or the Elizabethan. Dancers no longer need explain their art to an uneducated public.

When American concert dancers first presented their own compositions they formulated a strict set of rules almost entirely in conscious revolt against the traditions of the ballet. In the first place, the classical technique was to be forgotten and supplanted by a new technique remarkable principally for tension and severity. There was to be no leaning on the other arts; music and decor, if not eliminated entirely, were reduced to a minimum. Most important of all, a literary idea or story was completely tabu. Dancers were allowed to express personal emotions, abstract forms, or a kind of generalized social consciousness. And the audience was forbidden to enjoy itself. No more than six years ago, Doris Humphrey, touring the country in an effort to educate it to the modern dance, announced: "If you want to be entertained, don't come to the modern dance."

Today these rules have followed the ballet traditions to the scrap heap and a dance has emerged which is vigorous, unrestricted both in form and subject matter, and emotionally moving, and which can be, as it chooses, either completely serious or highly entertaining. American dancers, not only the recognized leaders, but young soloists and group members, are masters of a technique which is as spectacular as that of the ballet or the early modern dance, and at the same time elastic and expressive. They are not afraid of borrowing from classical ballet or of verging on realistic pantomime. The other arts—music, costume, setting, and the spoken word—are employed to create a theatrical whole of great effectiveness, but the dancer is never submerged. And the story, which in the ballet was a superficial thread to hold together a series of divertissements, is firmly integrated with the movement.

Doris Humphrey's *Inquest* performed during the past season, is a striking example of the new form that the dance has taken: drama in movement. The spoken words accompanying the action give only a bare newspaper account of the events leading up to the death from starvation of a nineteenth-century London shoemaker. The movements of

the three leading characters, the shoemaker, his wife, and son, are very close to realistic pantomime, but it is pantomime so heightened and intensified as to become dance. Although the story is concerned with only three people, a constant procession of shadowy, desolate figures across the stage gives universality to the theme. Miss Humphrey has made excellent use of her setting—a simple arrangement of screens and levels—and through the expertness of her choreography has conveyed the illusion of change in time and place with no interruption of the action.

Here is dancing that belongs to no one period or intellectual class, but offers an intense theatrical experience to all.

## ART NEWS

"The young American artists whom this exhibition presents to the general public are far from being complete newcomers in the field of contemporary art. . . . Several indeed . . . like Horace Pippin, Richard Barthe, Jacob Lawrence, have achieved national stature and acceptance. . . ." writes Alain Locke in his foreword to the recent exhibition of Negro painting and sculpture shown at the G Place Gallery in Washington. Carefully assembled over a six-month period by Caresse Crosby and David Porter, the exhibition fulfills their aim to publicize the distinctive contemporary contribution Negroes have made to painting and sculpture. A. D. Emmart, Art Critic for the *Baltimore Sun*, when the exhibition appeared at the Baltimore Museum of Art, wrote: "The show's merits are certainly of an order that would commend it to an observer without reference to anything save the excellence and wide variety of the painting. The work now on view is of a kind that represents a serious and well-developed movement: and I think it is bound to act as an influence and as a strong encouragement."

The Whyte Gallery, 1520 Connecticut Avenue in Washington, recently exhibited a group of paintings, drawings and prints by artists in and around the capital. This show, which comprised fifty works chosen from an entry of over two hundred, was select-

ed by a jury composed of Mrs. Adelyn Breeskin, acting-director of the Baltimore Museum of Art, Mr. John Richard Craft, director of the Washington County Museum, Hagerstown, and Mr. Thomas Parker of the American Federation of Art. Prizes were awarded to William Calfee for the best painting submitted, to Ensign Charles Marlowe Shaw for the best work by a newcomer to Washington, and to Marguerite Burgess for the best work in the field of graphic arts.

On July 6th an exhibition of the work of the Argentine artist, Mauricio Lasansky, opened at the new Whyte gallery located at 1518 Connecticut Avenue, Washington. Mr. Lasansky, who is in the United States on a Guggenheim Fellowship, is the leading graphic artist in his country. The show will continue through July.

The Washington Cooperative Bookshop, 916 Seventeenth Street, N.W., has the policy of featuring little known and unusual pictures in its art gallery. Soldier portraits by Cpl. Burl Courtney from the South Pacific area drew many visitors during April. The Courtney show was followed during the month of May by an exhibition of Mexican lithographs and woodcuts by Pablo O'Higgins, Leopoldo Mendez, Francisco Mora, etc. A broad exhibit of the work of local Washington artists, both Negro and white, will be shown throughout the summer.

# BOOKS

*Unfinished Business.* By Stephen Bonsal with an introduction by Hugh Gibson. Doubleday Doran and Company. \$3.00

This day by day diary and running commentary on events and men associated with the Versailles Conference is an historical source of utmost importance. Colonel Bonsal served as interpreter to President Wilson and Colonel House at the meetings of the League of Nations Committee. Therefore the diary is not a record of the Peace Conference as a whole but rather Stephen Bonsal's intimate account of the framing of the Covenant of the League of Nations.

*Unfinished Business* is represented in the publisher's blurb as "composed exclusively of extracts (unchanged) in any way from Colonel Bonsal's notes and diary." The presumption is that said notes and diary are wholly contemporary but at least one entry regarding efforts to dissuade Wilson from going to Paris was communicated to Colonel Bonsal by former Fuel Administrator Harry F. Garfield in 1932. Inasmuch as this is acknowledged and dated in a footnote we may assume that all other comments are from the contemporary diary and notes. Consequently Colonel Bonsal contributes the most important personal source account of this historic effort to frame the Covenant.

Perhaps no one was better qualified for his task than this native of Baltimore. Colonel Bonsal had begun as a special correspondent of the New York *Herald* at the age of twenty when in 1885 he reported on the Bulgarian-Serbian War. From then on his journalistic career for the *Herald* and the *Times* took him to all parts of the world where significant and exciting developments were occurring. In 1895 his assignment was the Chino-Japanese War, the first step in Japan's certain rise to her position as a world power. From then on Bonsal can be followed in connection with the Spanish-American War, the Boxer relief expedition, the Russo-Japanese War, the Mexican Revolution in 1910-11. He became intimate with the Balkans, with Russia, with the West Indies and South America. He was with Hindenburg's army on the Eastern Front in 1915. He became a major in 1917, served at the Army War College and in the A.E.F. Meantime he had done a few turns in the diplomatic service as secretary of legation and charge d'affaires in Peking, Madrid, Tokio, and Korea, 1893-1897. In 1913 he was appointed secretary to the governor-general of the Philippines. This background along with his linguistic skills gave Colonel Bonsal no uncertain qualification for his services at the Peace Conference and as a critical observer in his own right. One might add that he was acquainted with, and in some instances warmly intimate with leading statesmen of his day.

Colonel Bonsal agrees with Harold Nicolson whose first hand account "Peace-making in 1919" considers that Wilson made a mistake in coming to Paris in person. Colonel House and others tried in vain to convince Wilson that he would suffer in dignity and influence by coming to the conference. Never for a moment was Bonsal carried away with the President's expressions regarding the "mandate of humanity" which demanded the creation of a league. January 2, 1919, he records "Today there are many millions who will not see beyond their noses, who are grateful for what the Great American and his gallant soldiers have done but who are quite determined that he shall not spoil the peace with his 'quaint' ideologies."



Much of what Stephen Bonsal writes is well known, but he furnishes us with much additional light and many fascinating details regarding the President's fight for the league. One gets an intimate close up of the heated discussions over words and phrases to be inserted in the Covenant. Outstanding in the picture and of much significance today were the repeated efforts of M. Léon Bourgeois to obtain genuine sanctions in the form of an international military force to be used against aggressor nations. In the light of the past twenty five years how true were the words of Bourgeois: "Without military backing in some force, and always ready to act, our League and our Covenant will be filed away, not as a solemn treaty but simply as a rather ornate piece of literature." Bourgeois failed to get his international army; France failed to get security; and so the seeds of another war were planted. Will the lesson be learned?

Much light is thrown upon the difficulties encountered by Wilson in inserting into the Covenant the reservations demanded by the American Senate such as the Monroe Doctrine and the right of sovereign nations to withdraw. How familiar the ring of the President's statement: "One of my difficulties is that Americans demand complete assurance that they are not being called upon to give up the sovereignty of their States." But he expressed the confidence "that the day is near when they will become as eager partisans of the sovereignty of mankind as they now are of their national or State sovereignty." One wonders if even this second world war in our generation will convince enough Americans that this must be done if we are ever to win a peace. Wilson at first proposed that after ten years a member might withdraw upon a year's notice. Inasmuch as this might have implied that the League was to be purely experimental the proposal was dropped in favor of the simple provision for withdrawal at any time upon a notification of two years on condition that the member had fulfilled all of its international obligations.

The demand from the United States that the Monroe Doctrine reservation be incorporated into the Covenant opened the gates to proposals of other and very radical changes. Particularly significant as sewing seeds of dissension between the United States and Japan was the demand of the latter for a clause recognizing the principle of equality of nations and just treatment of their nationals. The vote in the commission upon the proposal was eleven out of seventeen in favor but chairman Wilson ruled that the vote must be unanimous. The racial equality clause never got into the Covenant. The Monroe Doctrine reservation did, but Wilson agreed that this would not prevent the forces of a European state from being sent to America in order to defend the rights of the oppressed.

Bonsal records a steady decline in the health, prestige and influence of the President. Thus on April 1, 1919 the diary reveals that the President had taken to his bed. "It was high time. Five weeks ago he sailed away, the picture of confidence—some (those who like him not) thought the picture of arrogance. Today he is broken in health and in spirit. The realization that has come to him so belatedly of the power of those who oppose his policies while it was long in coming has at last crushed him to the earth. At least two of our delegates are advising him to summon the *George Washington* and go home, thanking God that three thousand miles of Atlantic Ocean roll between us and the European mess."

Colonel Bonsal was dispatched to Washington by Colonel House to help win the battle for the treaty. The President was stricken and absolutely *incommunicado*. Bonsal was on intimate social terms with Senator Lodge whom he liked for everything but his politics. Bonsal gained the impression that Lodge was not as confident that he could defeat the Treaty as most of his adherents claimed he

was. "Indeed I came to the conclusion that the chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee was in the mood to compromise, but with whom?" House was delighted and urged Bonsal to secure a statement of Lodge's minimum demands. Bonsal deemed Lodge's changes so unimportant that he did not even keep a copy of them. He and House were filled with high hopes as to the outcome, but the absolute silence of the White House which never even acknowledged receipt of the important communication destroyed any chance of compromise. Bonsal asserted that Lodge's changes were more concerned with verbiage than with the intent of the Covenant, that they were complementary rather than restrictive. As such they differed sharply from the Lodge Reservations which were introduced into the Senate.

How different might have been the fate of the Covenant had it not been for the breach between House and the President! What became of the paper containing the Lodge changes that was sent to the White House? Was Mrs. Wilson's sick room régime responsible for the failure to acknowledge the copy of the Covenant with the Lodge notations? Was the Senator merely feeling his way and determined to defeat the Treaty anyway? Would the result have been different had the President agreed to the few unimportant changes in wording which Lodge gave to Bonsal and which the latter forwarded to House? Senator Hitchcock was convinced that Lodge had arrived at a decision to defeat the treaty. It was not enough to remind Lodge that Wilson had incorporated suggestions of Elihu Root and ex-President Taft into the Covenant at the cost of much opposition and unpopularity in Paris.

The only impression which Bonsal offers which, he says, "I shall keep to myself—and my diary" is: "I think Lodge was hurt in his vanity, which is enormous by the fact that the President did not accept with enthusiasm the olive branch, if you can call it that, which he extended through House, of which I was the humble intermediary and bearer."

The facts of these negotiations between Lodge and House place the Senator in a more favorable light than hitherto has been accorded. Colonel House's *Intimate Papers* omitted reference to the Lodge Memorandum because, as House explained to Bonsal, he never knew whether Wilson ever saw the memorandum, and to have mentioned it would have exculpated Lodge and indicted the President. House concluded: "And so the question presents itself, in whose hands was the executive power of the United States Government in November and December, 1919? I do not know—nobody knows. That is a mystery which Congress never solved, so far as I know, never tried to." House also indicated that had he published the concessions which seemingly Lodge was willing to make it would have meant that House accepted the Senator's proposals in good faith. This House was unwilling to do for he always questioned Lodge's sincerity. House is convinced that if Lodge was willing to make face saving concessions at first, he certainly changed with the realization that he had the power to defeat the treaty, for he was building his platform in the expectation of the Republican nomination in 1920.

We are indebted to Colonel Bonsal for his "footnote to history" as he calls his contribution. Now that President Roosevelt and Secretary Hull are taking up again the work of laying the foundations for an enduring structure of peace, one wonders if twenty-five years from now another Bonsal will have to write again about our "Unfinished Business."

—W. M. GEWEHR

- Eloges and Other Poems.* By St. John Perse. Translated by Louis Varèse. W. W. Norton and Company. \$2.50.
- I x I.* By E. C. Cummings. Henry Holt and Company. \$2.00.
- Selected Poems 1923-1943.* By Robert Penn Warren. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.
- A Wreath for the Sea.* By Robert Fitzgerald. Arrow Editions. New Directions. \$2.50.
- The Giant Weapon.* By Yvor Winters. The Poets of the Year. New Directions. \$1.00.

Of the five poets here represented, St. John Perse stands apart by reason of his language which is French and his habit which is his own. Although one cannot accept Mr. MacLeish's rhetorical fancy that Perse's "poetry like all true poetry will take its place outside literature and all doctrine, in the desert sunlight where the stone survives," it is true there is a quality of timelessness about these evocations of childhood written in Perse's late teens and first published in France in 1911. But personal as they are, and special as is the experience from which they are culled, it is absurd to pretend that the gifted young colonial was not indebted to the French symbolist tradition, or that he was insensitive to the work of contemporaries, notably that of Claudel. On the other hand, there is less conscious concern with the literary past in Perse's work than there is in that of many, who like E. E. Cummings, so self-consciously deny it.

The only past Perse recognizes is his own. He is free from all the allusive, referential impedimenta of "scholarship" and "tradition" which has become so morbidly fashionable in American and British poetry in the last two decades. It is for this reason that his poems, surviving the inadequacies of what appears to be a well-intentioned translation, seem so curiously self-contained. The context is set up inferentially: it is that of a rich, magnificently-colored island civilization. In *Images For Crusoe*, his earliest group, it shines with nostalgic lustre while "... in the reek of men. . . . The City like an abscess flows through the river to the sea." It is in these poems, in which Perse chooses the symbol of the aged Crusoe, returned to civilization, to carry the weight of his own hatred and rejection of the city, that one finds a foreshadowing of his later themes. Crusoe "coming up from the latrine in the courtyard" looks at his sick parrot's "round eye under the mouldy pollen of the lid." And the poet writes, "O misery! blow out the lamp." The lamp is blown out on the present and it is not until *Exil* (published in *Poetry*, 1942) that it is relit.

But by this total immersion in childhood, in the utter loveliness and wonder of what must have been, indeed, a morning civilization, there is communicated an immediacy of experience, a past become present. In *To Celebrate a Childhood*, IV, we have the nurse who "was a mestizo and smelled of the castor bean; always I saw there were pearls of glistening sweat on her forehead, around her eyes—and so warm! her mouth had the taste of rose apples in the river before noon." And in *Eloges* (the group for which Mme. Varèse has so correctly retained the French title) the praise of a loved horse (11):

"When he had run, he sweated: which is to shine!—  
and under my child's knees I pressed moons on his flanks . . .  
I loved a horse—who was it?—and sometimes (for a beast knows  
better what forces applaud us)  
he lifted toward his gods a head of bronze: blowing,  
and furrowed with a petiole of veins."

Somewhat apart from the basic mood of the collection, is the group *The*

*Glory of Kings* (first published in 1924) and seemingly derived from the same preoccupations with the Orient which are the emotional springs of *Anabase*.

It is nice to see E. E. Cummings, that *enfant terrible* of the key-board, retain his insouciance, his wit and his humanity in this collection of very recent verse. Divided into three sections *I* seems to be equated with society and contains the satiric verse for which Cummings is deservedly famous; *X* is devoted to poems of love (all kinds) and of creation which are often as successful as his early sonnets (he continues to explore this moribund form with amazing resourcefulness); the final group, *I*, appears to be the reverse side of the first *I*: that is, the natural world as opposed to society. The book as a whole, then, is meant to be not a synthesis of, but separate images of, the three worlds of man: Nature, Love (includes Art), and Society. Naturally, the implications of the multiplication table are in order.

As ever, and with enough external provocation, Cummings flays the "collective pseudobeast" "in the land of supernod/where freedom is compulsory/and only man is god." His invective, a genially bitter one, ranges from onomatopoeic reproductions of current attitudes like the poem ending,

*"dem  
gud  
am  
  
lidl yelluh bas  
tuds weer goin  
  
duhSIVILEYEzum"*

to the delightfully malicious epitaph:

*"mr. u will not be missed  
who as an anthologist  
sold the many on the few  
not excluding mr. u "*

In *X* the external world recedes and Cummings faces happily the activities of the spirit. An absence of contemporary data, imagery, of all but generalized language, now obtains. In everything but the highly elliptical syntax and the lack of capitals, these poems are as limpid and assayable as Elizabethan lyrics. In XXII, that superb definition of the poet, beginning,

*"no man, if men are gods; but if gods must  
be men, the sometimes only man is this  
(most common for each anguish is his grief;)  
and, for his joy is more than joy, most rare)  
  
a fiend, if fiends speak truth; if angels burn  
by their own generous completely light,  
an angel;"*

the tone is marred by the introduction of another realm of discourse into the last quatrain which pictures the poet as carving "immortal jungles of despair / to hold a mountain's heartbeat in his hand." This results in an overtone of sentimentality that Cummings should be the first to reject. Poems XXXIV "nothing false and possible is love" and XXXIII "yes is a pleasant country" and XXVIII the elegiac song for Sam who "was a man" and "done his chores" are all quite without flaw.



If the notion has got around that Mr. Cummings is a cynic and an habitual fault-finder, poem LIV which ends the book (surely no accident!) should squash the rumor with its ending "we're wonderful one times one." The only thing Cummings despises both in conduct and in language is cant. And his work for over twenty-five years, now, has borne distinguished and increasingly flexible testimony to his bent.

For the three poets I now wish to consider, the sea of the past defines the horizon. Yvor Winters, as *The Giant Weapon* more fully confirms, has gone down without a gasp, happy to be drowned and even effecting a rich sea-change with some very old and thin materials. Robert Fitzgerald floats engagingly and securely among the monuments of the past and wears the cloak of Attica and of Rome most beneficently like a grave, rosy child with water-wings. It is only Robert Penn Warren, the most robust of these talents, who puts up a real struggle, alternately sinking and swimming, reviewing the past in a single vision like a drowning man, and then, quite suddenly, striking out for unknown shores at which he often arrives in style.

Mr. Winters' 35 poems represent, he feels, "what seems my best work for the past twelve or fourteen years." One senses energetic pruning even in this thin yield; one wonders if Mr. Winters may not have suppressed what may be equally valuable. Certainly, one does not question the integrity of his standards so increasingly identified with the demands of tradition and of scholarship. But there seems to go, along with this, the progressive repression of that brilliant, sharp and often searching sensibility which made *The Bare Hills* and his other early works so striking both in fulfillment and in promise. His orbit of interest seems now to have its locus in purely literary considerations, both as source and as creation. It is instructive, for example, to compare his very fine *Time and the Garden* with Mr. Warren's *The Garden*, both Marvell-haunted and time-obsessed and yet arriving at so different conclusions. Often, in the occasional poems which are not too infected by his increasingly religio-didactic purpose, Winters achieves a clarity and tight grace which is memorable. One remembers especially *A Testament* inscribed to "one now a child" and ending:

"O small and fair of face  
In this appalling place  
The conscious soul must give  
Its life to live."

*Sir Gawaine and the Green Knight* uses the framework of the old romance for a telescoped and provocative examination of the problem of identity. On the whole, there is little awareness of the world outside the academy and the domestic circle. Like Cummings, but with more resignation, Winters rejects the machinery of war in *To A Military Rifle*. Happily, the querulous bitterness of his polemical writing nowhere corrupts the texture of Mr. Winters' cleverly articulated, if sometimes unyielding, verse.

*A Wreath for the Sea*, a curiously evocative title, is Robert Fitzgerald's courteous gift of nine years' labor. Its ambitious scope is always modestly understated as the dedicatory note referring to "haec parva" indicates. For Fitzgerald ranges from translations of Villon and Catullus to a Hesiod-inspired ten page Georgic; from Gerard Manly Hopkins to Kenneth Fearing and Eliot. Obviously, it is impossible to be all things to all men even in the Protean guise of the poet. The effort produces some extraordinarily funny betrayals of what he most admires: for example, the Hopkinsian description of a lost tennis ball as "that dun, worn, airy-to-be-bounced/Treasurable and humble dweller in closets." When Fitzgerald listens to the singing of muses closer to his ear, notably that of

Eliot, he does some very good things although not altogether under his own power. I liked particularly section 11 of *Augustan Suite*, that very clever Joycean tour-de-force, the *Portrait* of a junior editor, and two charmingly lucid *Sea Pieces*.

Robert Penn Warren, in *Selected Poems*, which represent his performance for two decades, is responsive to much the same influences as Fitzgerald. However, the metaphysical strain of Donne and Marvell are perhaps the more strongly felt and classical antiquity more incidental to his needs. His encounter with the past is a tougher, more resilient one than is Fitzgerald's or Winters', and in a poem like *Love's Parable*, in spite of the clearly defined obligation, the total effect is one of a virtue mastered and not merely emulated. *Resolution* and *Man Coming of Age* are as technically perfect as one could wish and the former in its ironic, unresolved bite far more profound than Mr. Winters' treatment of the same subject. It is the theme, by the way, which begets some of Mr. Warren's most notable poems:

"Old winnower!  
I praised your paced power:  
Not truth I fear.  
How ripe is turned the hour."

The dominant preoccupation with time and mortality, the recurring motif of a vague and childhood guilt sets up irony as the prevailing mood in recent poems. The Audenesque *Variation: Ode to Fear* with its refrain "Timor mortis conturbat me" is one of the most successful in this vein. *Letter from a Coward to a Hero* is less effective in its disposal of somewhat similar speculations.

*Mexico Is a Foreign Country: Five Studies in Naturalism* seem, in spite of the Audenesque structure, most clearly in Mr. Warren's own idiom. They are satiric, syntactically fresh, and display considerable deftness in the juxtaposition of materials from two civilizations. It all makes for a kind of sardonic humour not entirely without compassion for its components. Among the early poems only *Problem of Knowledge* seems inadvisably reprinted.

In the main, one could wish that Mr. Warren would unburden himself of his admirations, resolve the dilemma he has posed so beautifully in *Monologue at Midnight*, and recognize more openly his own yet unrealized powers.

—VIVIENNE KOCH

*Romanticism and the Modern Ego*. By Jacques Barzun. Little, Brown and Company. \$2.75.

"Instead of trying to give a rapid but comprehensive notion of" Mr. Barzun's book, "I want to deal only with what seem to me its intellectual vices, its irritating or perverse deficiencies." I have spoken elsewhere (to my friends, privately) of Mr. Barzun's merits. "The reasons for putting on blinders here are several. In the first place," Mr. Barzun's culture "is vast and our time is short; in the second, I can count on the reader's first hand acquaintance with many modern works" to make my point clear. "More important still, I want to show by a reverse example the very method that many moderns use in judging romanticism—the suppression of essential facts and the exhibition of others in a vacuum that destroys their meaning."

The book contains 212 pages of text and 100 pages of notes. The notes "can be read consecutively [for what reason I can't imagine] or as separate comments on the pages to which reference is made." The notes average a page in length. They are not incidental to the text, in which they belong. Writing about art, apparently Mr. Barzun was too busy to practice it.

Even Mr. Barzun apologizes for the names. There are about 500 of them in the 331 pages. "It should cause no alarm or surprise if the quest takes us from political and social history to critical facts about poetry, the arts, and philosophy; and thence to matters of psychology, religion, and common belief. The reader may be bewildered at first to find in various contexts the names of men whose work and lives do not commonly come to mind." O, Mr. Barzun, hardly a day goes by that I don't think of Joachim Raff, Sir Edward Poynter, and Per Daniel Amadeus Atterbom and the Phosphorists. "There is indeed no reason why anyone who is not a specialist in the history of the Romantic period should know more than a few, but since the few may be different for different persons, according to their special interests, it is necessary to name whole battalions: my purpose being to illustrate general conclusions with historical examples and to make my results testable by anyone familiar with at least some of the facts." Mr. Barzun not only names battalions; he names by battalions. He easily handles a dozen names in a sentence, as on page 106, but he can get in 22. A paragraph with 21 names, as on page 131, is not unusual. I like the list of the illustrious dead in 1850 on page 137: 41 names.

When Mr. Barzun writes, "In music, naturalism was made a conscious program by some members of the French school, principally Alfred Bruneau," it does not seem to me out of place to ask Mr. Barzun to identify Bruneau, especially when it could have been done easily in a phrase: Bruneau, who drew his librettos from the novels of Zola. Is there more one ought to know about Bruneau? Mr. Barzun tells us that Poland made lasting contributions to European literature with Mickiewicz, Slowacki, and Krasinski. I feel like saying with F. P. A., "Never heard of 'em." It is true, of course, that cultural history tends to be provincial, but I doubt that provincialism is overcome by references made in passing to Polish writers, references that make value judgments. It amounts to the game of "I know an author that you don't know," which two can play. Why, Mr. Barzun, do you fail to mention Vasile Alecsandri, who in 1855, under the influence of Percy's *Reliques*, published his collection of folk poems, *Ballades et chants populaires de la Roumanie*? (See the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, 14th edition, 19, 656a).

If asked what choice to the romantic-classic seesaw he personally proposes, Mr. Barzun answers "that it is the pragmatic pluralism of William James, who clearly foresaw its applicability to the problems of this century. Pluralism means creating unities and uniformities only where and when useful, with no pretence that they are eternal or divinely ordained." Good, that is the idea of tolerance as men of culture have long understood it. But Mr. Barzun goes on, "Pragmatism implies the giving of straight answers to the question, 'What, then, do we want?'" I know the answer to that one: two chickens in every garage. I suggest that for an historian with pretensions as a philosopher the phrase *straight answers* is the language of a Hearst editorial.

*Romanticism and the Modern Ego* glitters like a Christmas tree, which you take down come the first of the year. The cultural historian has, it seems to me, a greater obligation to be an artist than has the historian of a more limited field. The best tribute to art is surely to practice it oneself. This Mr. Barzun fails to do. Of the timidity, lack of spirit, and unwillingness to take risks which Mr. Barzun finds in the modern ego, he himself is not a victim. But Mr. Barzun says, "The first striking trait of the modern ego is, I think, self-consciousness. I say self-consciousness rather than self-awareness, because I believe that in spite of much heart-searching, the modern ego is more concerned with the way it appears in others' eyes than with learning fully about itself and admitting its troubles fearlessly."

—DONALD WEEKS

It is seldom that a basically mediocre book attains the critical notoriety of Bernard DeVoto's much-discussed and hotly-argued examination of the literature of the 1920's, *The Literary Fallacy*. Truculent, petulant, frequently bombastic, at times carelessly written and loosely organized, replete with obvious or ill-considered generalizations, *The Literary Fallacy* might better be entitled *The Literary Fallacies of Mr. DeVoto*.

The outstanding spokesmen of the Twenties—Van Wyck Brooks, Sinclair Lewis, Ernest Hemingway, John Dos Passos, T. S. Eliot—were, according to Mr. DeVoto, "ignorant," "inaccurate," "foolish," "frivolous," "corrupt." They failed to report objectively the nature of American life. Never, "in any country or any age had writers so misrepresented their culture, never had they been so unanimously wrong, . . . never had literature been so trivial." History, Mr. DeVoto continues, will characterize this period as the "Age of Ignominy," the age of "literary folly," of "slapstick"—idle, dilettante, flippant, intellectually sterile.

Van Wyck Brooks is, Mr. DeVoto goes on to say, in many respects responsible for this age of futile and sordid writers; Brooks' great and vicious crime, in addition to writing about things of which he was largely ignorant, was in attempting to assess American culture solely by means of its literature: this, Mr. DeVoto contends, is the literary fallacy. This misrepresentation, this repudiation, this betrayal of American life set the tone for the literature of the Twenties: Van Wyck Brooks, if we can believe Mr. DeVoto, is largely responsible for the sins supposedly committed by Lewis and Hemingway, by Dos Passos and Eliot, and their contemporaries.

Unfortunately, though, we cannot always believe Mr. DeVoto. There is truth of a sort, to be sure, in what he says about Van Wyck Brooks. But it is truth which has become slightly bromidic. That Brooks, in his earlier writings, sometimes discussed with apparent authority material he was not completely familiar with is true, but the information is not completely novel. That Brooks' later works, in their preoccupation with literature and literary men, sometimes ignore other vital aspects of an age, a section, or a culture, is also true but hardly less startling. To saddle upon Brooks, however, Mr. DeVoto's personal conception of the literary excesses and weaknesses of an age is itself a critical fallacy. And it is equally fallacious to devote to an attack of one man approximately half of a book purporting to be an "examination . . . of certain ideas, dogmas, and conclusions which appear and reappear in much American literature of the 1920's, particularly in the work of writers who were then widely felt to be most characteristic of the time and most expressive of its spirit."

Mr. DeVoto then turns his attention to some of the aforementioned significant writers, all of whom he feels repudiated America, all of whom were, to one degree or another, representative of the literary fallacy. Sinclair Lewis, he concedes, was perhaps the finest novelist of the decade. Yet his characters are uncomplicated and the experience they reveal is mediocre. Arrowsmith, for example, is a "fool"; Ann Vickers is "immature." Worse still, Lewis never knew whether he was trying to represent the life of his time or to caricature it: his world is fragmentary, unreal, a betrayal. And so it is with the "anthropoids" created by Hemingway, whose life "does not exist above the diaphragm"; with the "puppets" of Dos Passos; the young man carbuncular of T. S. Eliot; the "manias" of doom that obsess Mr. Falkner (*sic*); and the "clotted phobias" of Robinson Jeffers: all are failures; all fail to reflect the real 1920's. Here again, one of Mr. DeVoto's fallacies becomes obvious. It is one thing to state that one of the primary purposes of art is the reproduction of life and experience as un-



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derstood by the artist. Yet to insist upon the reproduction of life and experience as *Mr. DeVoto* understood it to be, is another matter entirely.

Mr. DeVoto, for example, attacks *Arrowsmith* on the grounds that the book does not reflect the great advances made in medicine during the Twenties. On similar grounds, one supposes, Mr. DeVoto would reject *Clarissa* because all young British noblemen during the 1740's were not cast in the mold of the rapist Lovelace—or *Memoirs of a Midget* because all midgets of modern times do not suffer the indignities imposed upon the exquisite Miss M. Further. Mr. DeVoto has either completely failed or deliberately refused to take into account the widely differing purposes underlying a novel by a writer like Thomas Wolfe or Ernest Hemingway or Sinclair Lewis. Such failure or refusal is reprehensible or absurd or both, and is beneath the dignity of respectable criticism.

Finally, Mr. DeVoto selects for criticism only the writers who seem to him to advance his thesis that American authors during the Twenties failed in their duties to themselves and to posterity. Numerous important writers—Ellen Glasgow, for example—whom it would be difficult to fit into his scheme are completely ignored. Others, whose absence would be still more difficult to explain, Robert Frost, Carl Sandburg, and A. E. Robinson to name only three, are hastily characterized in *two* pages—in comparison to the seventy or eighty pages spent belaboring Brooks—as “first-rate writers who stood outside the movement.” Such juggling hardly adds to the reader's admiration for the critical skill of the author of *The Literary Fallacy*.

At times Bernard DeVoto is provocative and stimulating. Occasionally, when not carried away by a love of glib and flashy generalizations, he writes with insight and critical vigor reminiscent of his earlier and happier works like *Mark Twain's America*. In the final analysis, however, *The Literary Fallacy* can be dismissed as the petulant outburst of potentially striking critical powers bereft of restraint, of judgment, and of good taste.

—WILLIAM PEDEN

*Garcia Lorca*. By Edwin Honig. New Directions. \$1.50.

*Garcia Lorca* by Edwin Honig is the first full-length critical study in English of this modern Spanish poet and playwright. One feels that at some point in the proceedings Garcia Lorca himself should have emerged. Instead of a biography of Lorca, the poet and dramatist, which might have revealed the substance of the man, Honig has written a series of seven essays or lectures that are, for the most part, an appreciation of the work, but not an intimate picture of the sensibilities that produced the work.

The first chapter was meant to serve as a biography, but develops into a slight sketch of Lorca's parents, childhood, education, travels, and finally his death at the hands of the Fascists in 1936. In many places Mr. Honig's writing is reduced to generalities when more particular statement would seem to be needed. Mr. Honig defines Lorca as having completely captured the intense spirit of the Andalusian gypsies. By calling this the poet's “Heritage,” he infers that this background, coupled with the influence of such men as de Falla, Ravel, Góngora, Diego, Dali, was entirely responsible for Lorca's genius. Honig ignores the infinite qualities of the poet himself.

The writing is not always consistent. Conflicts exist. In the chapter concerning Lorca's death, Honig denies any political or social significance to the poet's work; yet later in the book, when Honig discusses the poet's experiences in New

York, the reader is led to believe that Lorca was possessed of a distinct social philosophy.

The book is valuable for the many selections of Lorca's poetry, given in both Spanish and English, and for the summaries of important Lorca writings which have not yet been released for publication. Lorca's poetic dramas, too, are treated at length, and they would seem to be a more important contribution to Spanish literature than his poetry. Edwin Honig has made an accurate, and on the whole, a careful analysis of Garcia Lorca's work, although the book has been misnamed. It is neither Garcia Lorca nor even Garcia Lorca as seen through his work. It is, however, a more than adequate appraisal of the poet's writing, his contemporaries, and it is at the same time a just consideration of the historical background which produced the work.

—CHARLOTTE J. E. SERVIN

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Miss Katherine Farquhar:  
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Dear Miss Farquhar:

I'm sorry but many years ago, after rereading something like an article I had written, I swore that never again, under any circumstances—and I never have. Articles are emphatically not my racket. I no sooner start on one than I find myself trying to write a long book which I don't want to write. After a tremendously long labor period of weeks of condensing and revision, a literary mouse is born—either still born, or, if alive at all, mentally backward. So I decided in the public interest as well as my own, to quit.

I agree with you that an artist should never capitulate to mass pressure of any kind at any time.

Thank you for your courtesy in sending me a copy of the *Maryland Quarterly*. I see your letter is dated May 26th but it did not reach me until yesterday—such being wartime mail to the Coast. However I've read most of the *Quarterly*. My congratulations to its editors. It has genuine distinction.

All good wishes to you.

Very sincerely,

EUGENE O'NEILL

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## NOTES

The Editors of the MARYLAND QUARTERLY take pleasure in announcing the following new patrons of the magazine: Anonymous, Mrs. Judith G. Brown, Mr. John D. Koch, Miss Adrienne Koch, and André Spire.

CAROLINE GORDON was born in Kentucky, October 6, 1895. Educated at private schools in the South. Graduated from Bethany College, West Virginia. Author of: *Penhally*, 1931; *Aleck Maury*, 1934; *None Shall Look Back*, 1937; *The Garden of Adonis*, 1937; *Green Centuries*, 1941; and the recently published, excellent novel, *The Women on the Porch*. The French poet and philosopher JEAN WAHL teaches at Mount Holyoke College. NICHOLAS MOORE, leading English poet, has published several volumes of poetry and recently a study of Henry Miller (Opus Press). HARDIMAN SCOTT is an English poet who has contributed to *Opus*, *Poetry Quarterly*, *Poetry (London)*, and *Poetry (Scotland)*. MICHAEL WILLIAMS, young British writer who has appeared in *Modern Reading*, *Picture Post*, and the *Bank of England Magazine*, now works on the land. DENYS VAL BAKER, founder of the Opus Press (England), edited *Writing Today* (Staples & Staples). FREER STALNAKER is to appear in a forthcoming anthology of "the fifty most distinguished short stories to have been published in twenty years in the *American Mercury*." E. E. CUMMINGS writes "here's a poem. If you don't like it (taste, which some people have called 'courage', being a rarest virtue) please return my poem immediately. If you do like it, fine & dandy." Mr. Cummings is the author of *The Enormous Room*, *Collected Poems*, *I X I*, etc. JOHN GOULD FLETCHER was awarded the Pulitzer Prize in 1939 for his *Selected Poems*. MARYA ZATURENSKA, wife of Horace Gregory, received the Pulitzer Prize in 1938. Her latest book of verse is *Listening Landscape*. WITTER BYNNER is now living in Chapala, Jalisco, Mexico. His *Selected Poems* appeared in 1936. R. A. D. FORD is attached to the Canadian Embassy at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. MIRIAM MCCOLLOM, who formerly taught in the Drama department of Cornell University, is an American dancer connected with the Dance-Theatre Studios in Washington, D. C. GODFREY FRANKEL, a former newspaper man, is administrative officer of the Washington Newspaper Guild as well as a photographer who had a one man show in Washington the latter part of June. *Broken Glass*, *West Virginia*, was awarded first prize in this year's May Show at the Cleveland Museum of Art. VIVIENNE C. KOCH, a former member of the faculty at Mount Holyoke College, is a Graduate Fellow at the University of Maryland. She has contributed criticism and book reviews to the *New York Times Sunday Book Review*, *The New Republic*, *The New Leader*, and other publications. DR. WILLIAM PEDEN edited (with Adrienne Koch) *The Life and Selected Writings of Thomas Jefferson* (Modern Library). JAMES FRANKLIN LEWIS teaches at the University of Kansas City. BABETTE DEUTSCH is a well-known American poet. DR. DONALD WEEKS teaches at the University of Maryland. KATHERINE FARQUHAR, ARTHUR O'KEEFE, MILDRED WITZ, SHIRLEY ARMSTRONG, CHARLOTTE J. E. SERVIN, WILLIAM MEAD and F. R. RUSKIN are student associates of NORMAN MACLEOD, who is in charge of the Creative Writing Program at the University of Maryland. Mr. Macleod was American editor of *Front* (Den Haag) and of *The Morada* (Cagnes, S/mer, France) during the early thirties. DR. WESLEY M. GEWEHR is Chairman of the History Department at the University of Maryland.